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OTHER TIMES
and
OTHER SEASONS
by
Laurence Hutton.

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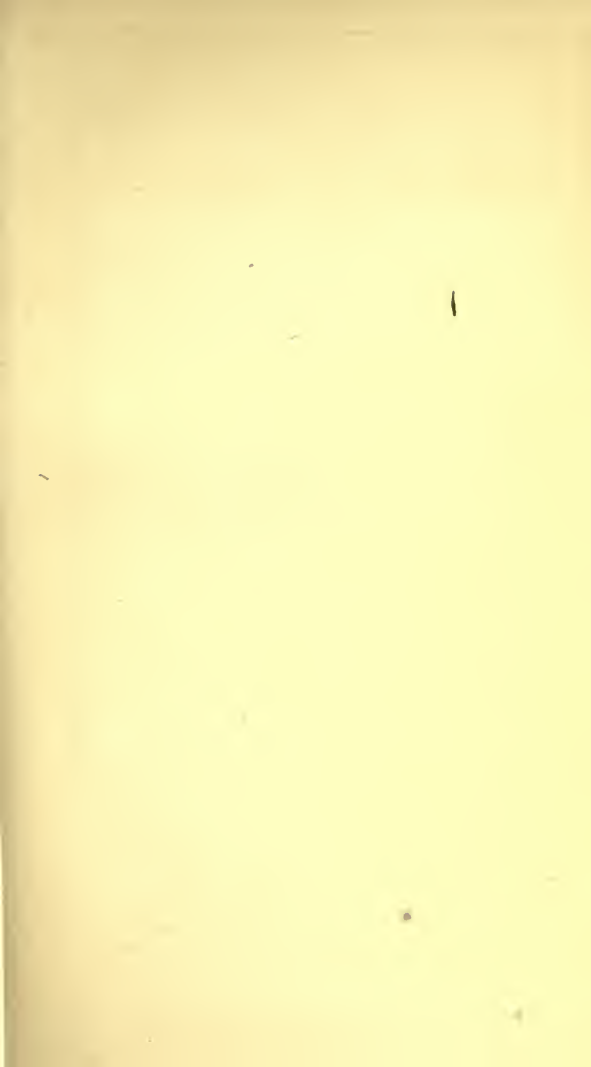
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For out of olde felles as men seith
Cometh al this newe countrie to pere
And out of olde booke in good feith
Cometh al this newe science that men here

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OTHER TIMES

AND

OTHER PLACES

LAWRENCE HOLT



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Laurens Butten

OTHER TIMES
AND
OTHER SEASONS

BY
LAURENCE HUTTON



NEW YORK
HARPER AND BROTHERS
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By LAURENCE HUTTON.

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TO
THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH
MY CONSTANT FRIEND
IN ALL TIMES AND FOR MANY SEASONS
THIS VOLUME
Is Affectionately Enscribed

396453

TO THE GENTLE READER

WITH one exception, these papers were contributed to HARPER'S WEEKLY in the proper Seasons, and from Time to Time.

Their preparation has afforded me no little amusement in the collection of the truths they present, and in the collation of the traditions they preserve.

The task, which was a great pleasure to me, involved the consultation of many curious works, devoted to the history of Out-of-Door Life, and to the beginnings of the observance of the Days we Celebrate.

I am prepared to affirm, on information and belief, that the facts herein set down have never hitherto been gathered together in any single volume. And I venture to hope that they may give you as much pleasure in the reading as I have found in the writing of them.

L. H.

Saint Lawrence's Day, 1895.

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I

FOOT-BALL AS IT WAS PLAYED IN ANCIENT SEASONS

"*Oswald.* I'll not be struck, my lord. . .

Kent. Nor tripped neither ; you base foot-ball player.

[*Tripping up his heels.*"]

— *King Lear*, Act I., Scene IV.



THE Greeks played Foot-ball, according to the *National Encyclopædia*, and so did the Romans ; the latter using their hands as well as their feet. The game is supposed to have entered England with Cæsar, although, according to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the first distinct mention of it was made in the twelfth century, when William Fitzstephen, in his *History of London*, wrote of the young men of the city going out on certain festivals to play Foot-ball after dinner.

In the London Guildhall *Liber Memorandorum* is a paragraph, in Latin, which Mr. Arthur W. Hogg has translated as follows: "And because of the great noise in the City by some players of large Foot Balls, thrown in the meadows of the people, from which evils might arise, which God forbid: We command and forbid on behalf of the King, under pain of imprisonment, such game to be used in the City for the future." This was dated April 13, 1314, in the reign of Edward II.

An act of the Parliament of James I. of Scotland, about 1424, contains the following: "It is a statute, and the King forbiddis that na man play at the Fute-ball under the paine of fiftie schillings, to be raised to the Lord of the land als oft as he be tainted, or to the Scheriffe of the land or his Ministers, gif the Lordes will not punish sik trespassours." Dr. Doran explains that this curious enactment was made because of the game of Foot-ball having infringed upon the more useful practice of archery. Even so early as the reign of Edward III., A.D. 1349, that monarch, he says, was compelled to send a let-

ter of complaint upon this subject to the sheriffs of London, declaring that the skill in shooting with arrows was almost totally laid aside for the purpose of useless and unlawful games, one of which was Foot-ball.

Sir Thomas Elyot, in *The Governour*, 1557, speaks of "Foote-balle, wherein is nothyng but beastelye fury and extreme violence, whereof procedeth hurte, and consequently rancour and malice doe remayne with them that be wounded, wherefore it is to be put in perpetual silence."

Master Philip Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583, was peculiarly bitter in his denunciation of the game. It is not possible to quote him in full, but he said, among other things: "For as concerning Foot-Ball playing I protest unto you it may rather be called a freendly kinde of fight than a play or recreation; a bloody and murthering practise than a felowly sporte of pastime. For dooth not every one lye in waight for his Adversarie, seeking to overthrow him and to picke him on his nose, though it be uppon hard stones. . . . So that by this meanes, some-

times their necks are broken, sometime their backs; sometime their legs, sometime their armes; sometimes one part thrust out of joynt, sometimes another; sometimes the noses gush out with blood, sometimes their eyes start out. . . . They have the sleight to meet one betwixt two, to dashe him against the hart with their elbows, to hit him under the short ribbes with their griped fists, and with their knees to catch upon the hip, and to pick him on his neck, with a hundred such murthering devices; and hereof groweth envie, malice, rancour, cholor, hatred, displeasure, enmitie, and what not els; and sometime fighting, brawling, contention, quarrel picking, murther, homicide, and great effusion of blood, as experience dayly teacheth."

It may be remarked in passing that Master Philip Stubbes was *not* a reporter for the *Evening Post*!

There are two distinct references to Foot-ball in the Middlesex County Records in the time of Elizabeth. The first shows the finding of a true bill against certain persons named, and against other

unknown malefactors to the number of a hundred, who "assembled themselves together unlawfully and played a certain game called Foot-Ball, by reason of which unlawful game there arose amongst them a great affray, likely to result in homicides and serious accidents." The second is an account of "a Coroner's *Inquisition-post-mortem* on view of the body of Roger Luforde there lying dead." It shows that Nicolas Martyn and Richard Turvey were, on a certain afternoon, playing with other persons at Foot-ball, when the said Roger Luforde and a certain Simon Maltus came to the ground. . . . That Richard Turvey struck Roger Luforde on the fore part of his body under the breast, giving him a mortal blow and concussion, of which he died within a quarter of an hour.

The game of Foot-ball was suppressed in Manchester in 1608, because of "the great disorder it caused in the town, by which the inhabitants were greatly wronged and charged with the making and the amending of their glass windows, broken yearly and spoiled by a company of lewd and disordered persons using that

unlawful exercise of playing with Foot-Ball in the streets, breaking men's windows and glasses at their pleasure, and other great enormities."

James I. of England and VI. of Scotland, in the rules drawn up by his own hand for the recreation of Henry, Prince of Wales, made the following remarks: "From this court I debarre all rough and violent exercises, as Foot-Ball, meeter for laming than making able the users thereof; but the exercises I would have you to use, although moderately, not making a craft of them, are running, leaping, wrestling, fencing, dancing, and playing at the caitch or tennise, archerie, palle-malle, and such like other fair and pleasant field games."

The unfortunate Henry did not long survive the paternal solicitude, and Charles I. reigned in his stead, changing for a time the whole course of history, and giving the captain of a rival, and a short-haired, team a chance to play Foot-ball with the king's own head.

James Howell, in his *Familiar Letters*, 1645, gives an account of a serious acci-

dent, in the reign of James I. and VI., which befell Lord Sunderland and some of his servants, against a body of country folk, during a game of Foot-ball.

There is a proverb in the town of Scone, in the country of Perth, that "All is fair in the Ball of Scone." Sir Frederick Eden in his *Statistical Account of Scotland* supposes that the game of Foot-ball had its origin in that kingdom in the days of chivalry, when, it is said — date not given — that an Italian who went into that country challenged all the parishes in the neighborhood of Scone to a Foot-ball match, under a penalty should they decline. This they all did decline but Scone, and Scone, accepting the "dare," beat the foreigner at his own game, and took possession not only of the medal, but of the game itself.

A writer at the end of the last century thus describes the play at Scone: "He who at any time got the ball into his hands ran with it till overtaken by one of the opposite party, and then, if he could shake himself loose from those on the opposite side who seized him, he ran on ;

if not, he threw the ball from him, unless it was wrested from him by the other party; but no party was allowed to *kick* it. The object of the married men was to 'hang' it—that is, to put it three times into a small hole on the moor, which was their 'dool,' or limit, on the one hand; that of the bachelors was to 'drown' it, or dip it, three times in a deep place in the river, the limit on the other. The party who could effect either of these objects won the game. If neither won, the ball was cut into equal parts at sunset." It would seem that the opposing sides were composed of Benedicts and Bachelors. The writer closes with the stereotyped remark, "In the course of the play there was usually some violence between the parties."

Robert Chambers writes: "Another old popular custom in Scotland, on Candlemass Day [February 2d], was to hold a Foot-Ball match, the east end of a town against the west, the unmarried men against the married, or one parish against another. 'The Candlemass Ba',' as it was called, brought the whole community out in a state of high excitement. On one

occasion, not long ago, when the sport took place in Jedburgh, the contending parties, after a struggle of two hours in the streets, transferred the contention to the bed of the river Jed, and there fought it out amidst a scene of fearful splash and dabblement, to the infinite amusement of the multitude, looking on from the bridge."

Among later-day examples of the survival of this amusement we read in the *London Daily News*, February 11, 1880, that the old wild game of Foot-ball was played on Shrove-Tuesday in the streets, and by all the population of the town of Dorking, in Surrey; and in *Notes and Queries* for March 12, 1881, we are told that the ancient custom of playing at Foot-ball in the public streets was observed at Nuneaton (in Warwickshire) on the afternoon of March 1st. During the morning, the writer says, a number of laborers canvassed the town for subscriptions; and between one and two o'clock the ball was started, hundreds of roughs assembling and kicking it through the streets. The police attempted to stop the

game, he adds, but were somewhat roughly handled.

The thousands of enthusiasts from all parts of the country who assemble every year at Thanksgiving time in order to give thanks for Foot-ball, will, perhaps, be interested in the reading of all this, and will not be at all surprised to learn that in the month of November, 1575, more than three centuries ago, a certain wedding was postponed in Warwickshire because the bridegroom was "lame of a legge that was broken at Foote Ball."

Thus does history repeat itself at the end of many years!

II

PRIZE-FIGHTING IN THE OLDEN TIME

“ If I go to him, with my armèd fist
I’ll pash him o’er the face.”

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act. II., Scene III.



It is curious to note that in Joseph Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*, first published in 1801, and in all the later editions of that valuable work, there is not made any illusion, even in passing, to that particular pastime and sport to which, of all others, perhaps, the Anglo-Saxon is the most addicted. Strutt devotes chapters to boat-racing and to horse-racing, to shooting and fishing, to wrestling and fencing, to cock-fighting and to dog-fighting, but he is profoundly silent regarding the fighting of men.

Pollux, so long and so well known as

the twin-brother of Castor, is mentioned by Homer as being "good with his fists," and he is generally regarded as the Patron Saint of Pugilism. This same Homer, in the list of the sports which celebrated the funeral of Patroclus, places Boxing second. It came after the horse-race and before the wrestling-match, showing the distinction between wrestling and sparring, even in Homer's day—whenever that may have been. "The Iliad" shows clearly that the Champion wore a belt, although it does not show that he had to win it; and it speaks of the bands of leather cut from a bull's hide which were worn on the hands. These were intended to protect the knuckles, however, rather than to deaden the blows. The ring was formed by the spectators, sitting or standing on the ground in a circle about the contestants.

Mr. E. B. Mitchell, in *The Badminton Library*, quotes a distinguished French traveller—whose name is not given—as saying, in one of the earliest years of the reign of the First George, that "Anything that looks like fighting is delicious to an

Englishman. If two little boys quarrel in the street, the passengers stop, make a ring 'round them in a moment, that they may come to fisticuffs. . . . During the fight the ring of bystanders encourage the combatants with great delight of heart, and never part them while they fight according to the rules. . . . The fathers and mothers of the boys let them fight on as well as the rest, and hearten him that gives ground or has the worst. . . . If a coachman has a dispute about his fare with a gentleman that has hired him, the coachman consents, with all his heart; the gentleman pulls off his sword and lays it in some shop, with his cane, gloves, and cravat, and boxes in the same manner as I have described above. I once saw the late Duke of Grafton at fisticuffs in the open street with such a fellow, whom he lammed most horribly." *Hearten* means "to give heart or courage." The signification of the verb *to lam* must be familiar to all.

Mr. James Figg, a native of Oxfordshire, seems to have been the first professional bruiser who attained any great

prominence in England. He was, we are told, a man of unusual strength and agility. He distinguished himself by his victories over all his provincial competitors in the arts of single-stick and cudgel-playing, before he went to the Metropolis to teach the nobility and gentry of that period the manly arts of self-defence with the broadsword and the fists. He fought twice, without gloves, with Sutton, the pipe-maker of Gravesend, and once each with Tom Buck and Bob Stokes. His portrait was engraved in mezzo-tint by Faber. Hogarth, in the second plate of *The Rake's Progress*, perpetuated his face and figure, and also introduced him, curiously enough, on horseback, in *Southwark Fair*, with his head well plastered. Figg died in 1734, and was buried in the Church of St. Mary-le-Bone.

Figg's Amphitheatre was in Mary-le-Bone Parish, near the Oxford Road, and bear-baiting, tiger-hunting, cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and human fighting were among the attractions of the place.

Mrs. Stokes, the City Championess, according to an old advertisement, chal-

lenged the Hibernian Championess to meet her at Figg's; and there are frequent allusions to similar encounters of the pugilistic sort among the members of the gentler sex of those days.

In 1768 we are told that two women fought for a new shift, valued at half a crown, in Spa Fields, near Islington, and that the battle was won by "Bruising Peg," who beat her antagonist in a terrible manner. And in the summer of the same year we learn that in the same ring two women, whose names are not given, fought "an extraordinary battle with two tailors, for a guinea a head," the ladies being the victors.

Why tailors?

Here is a paragraph printed in one of the London papers in 1772: "Challenge—I, Elizabeth Wilkinson, of Clerkenwell, having had some words with Hannah Hyfield, and require satisfaction, do invite her to meet me upon the stage, and box me for three guineas; each woman holding half a crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle." The acceptance appeared

some days later to this effect : " I, Hannah Hyfield, of Newgate Market, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail, God willing, to give her more blows than words, desiring home blows, and from her no favor ; she may expect a good thumping." The result of the match, unfortunately, is not recorded. The holding of the half-crown in each hand was an ingenious device to prevent the combatants from scratching. The professional combatant refuses to come to the scratch now without a handful of gate-money ; and no man who works with his brains can make half so much !

John Broughton, who stood five feet eleven inches, and who weighed fourteen stone, has been termed the " Father of the Truly English Art of Self-Defence." He was Champion from 1740 to 1750, and he was the first to draw up any definite rules for the regulation of the Prize-fight. His most distinguished patron was the distinguished Duke of Cumberland, of the Blood Royal, who is said to have gone from Broughton's boxing-booth to Culoden, and to have gone directly to

Broughton's on his return from his own great butchering expedition. It is recorded that the duke once took the pugilist to the Continent, and asked his opinion of the Grenadier Guards at Berlin; and that the Champion expressed his readiness to fight the whole regiment, one by one, if he were allowed a breakfast between each battle. Broughton seems to have been a man of a good deal of common-sense, and to have fought with his brains as well as with his fists. He was unfortunate, because too sanguine, in an encounter with one Jack Slack, however, and he lost his popularity and his prestige at one fell swoop between the eyes. The Noble and Right Royal duke was his financial backer on this occasion, and he is reported to have jeered at the fallen champion, whose defeat cost his Royal Highness ten thousand guineas.

At Broughton's Amphitheatre for Boxing, otherwise called "the Tottenham Court Nursery," the pugilistic encounters took place upon an uncovered platform in a yard open to the public street. An advertisement of this establishment given

in full in *Old and New London* is worth quoting here in part. "A lecture on Manhood or Gymnastic Physiology, wherein the whole Theory and Practice of the Art of Boxing will be fully explained by various Operators on the Animal Economy and the Principals of Championism, illustrated by proper Experiments on the Solids and Fluids of the Body, together with the True Method of investigating the Nature of the Blows, Stops, Cross-buttocks, etc., incident to Combatants. The whole leading to the most successful Method of beating a Man deaf, dumb, lame, and blind." A foot-note states that "The Syllabus, or Compendium, for the use of Students in Athleticks, referring to Matters explained in this Lecture, may be had of Mr. Professor Broughton in Market Lane, where proper Instructions in the Art and Practice of Boxing are delivered, without Loss of Eye or Limb to the Student."

Peter Cunningham preserves the following extract from the *London Daily Advertiser* of December 11, 1745: "At Broughton's Amphitheatre this day will

be a tremendous decision of manhood between the celebrated Champions James and Smallwood. *Note*, as this contest is likely to be rendered horrible with blood and bruises, all Frenchmen are desired to come fortified with a proper quantity of hartshorn." The price of general admission is not given ; but Noblemen and Gentlemen were told that they could obtain tickets for five shillings, "which would admit them into a part of the house appropriated for their better accommodation."

Broughton died in 1789, "eminently respected," and in his eighty-fifth year.

The only other distinguished bruiser who seems to have enjoyed the confidence and friendship of royalty was John Jackson, who was blessed by the patronage of George the Fourth, and who even assisted as a page at the coronation of the First Gentleman in Europe. His limbs are described as being elegantly proportioned, and his arms, we are told, for athletic beauty and development were not to be surpassed. Lord Byron, in a *Note on Don Juan* Canto II., refers to his "old friend and corporeal pastor and master,

John Jackson, Esquire, Professor of Pugilism," and he speaks of "the strength and symmetry of his model of a form, together with his good humor and his athletic as well as mental accomplishments." Several letters of Byron to Jackson are preserved in Moore's *Life* of the former; and Moore says that the Professor "kept a very neat establishment," where he made a thousand pounds a year by teaching his art. He was exceedingly exclusive in his choice of pupils, and he admitted no person to his "parlours" who was not properly introduced. Jackson died in retirement, in 1845, and he lies under an altar tomb, with a pompous epitaph and characteristic and symbolic carvings, in Brompton Cemetery.

Coventry Patmore, in his *Diary*, gives a curious picture of Hazlitt at a Prize Fight in 1822. It was the famous set-to between the Gas-Man and Neate, which was the talk of the town. Says Mr. Patmore: "After it was over we joined company, and I then found that he [Hazlitt] had taken the most profound metaphysical as well as personal interest in the

battle ; and I never heard him talk finer or more philosophically than he did on the subject which he treated—and justly, I think—as one eminently worthy of being so considered and treated. As a study of human nature and the varieties of its character and constitution, he looked upon the scene as the finest sight he had ever witnessed ; and as a display of animal courage he spoke of the battle as nothing short of sublime. I found that he had paid the most intense attention to every part of the combat, had watched the various chances and changes of its progress with the eye and tact of an experienced amateur, and could have given (and in fact afterwards did give in the *New Monthly Magazine*) an infinitely better, because a more characteristic and intelligible, account of its details than the professional reporters employed for that purpose.”

The gentle author of *The Table-Talk* as a sporting editor and special correspondent at a Prize - fight, speaking of the mill as “ a sublime spectacle,” is only another example of the love which every Anglo-Saxon is supposed to have for a row.

III

TENNIS IN ANCIENT SEASONS

“Renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches.”

—*Henry VIII.*, Act I., Scene III.



IN the spring a young man's fancy fondly turns to thoughts of "love," and "let," and "doubles," and "'vantage," and other Tennis terms.

But little does he realize—and perhaps less does he care—what agonies the philologists have endured in trying to account for these terms, and in trying to explain the word "Tennis" itself.

The antiquaries affirm that there is no reference to ball-playing of any kind in the Sacred Scriptures, and that there is no allusion to it among the Assyrian inscriptions. Isaiah, however, says that the Lord will surely violently turn and toss

the wicked like a ball into a large country, and Mr. Flinders Petrie found, some sixty miles south of Cairo, and not very long ago, balls—about the size of billiard balls—which are made of leather and of wood; and among them were “tip-cats,” both of these, he believes, dating back some four thousand years.

The game of Hand-Ball, from which Tennis is derived, is known to have been popular in England and France in remote times. The French King Louis X. is said to have died of a severe cold caught while playing ball at Vincennes, in the Fourteenth Century, and an old plan of Windsor Castle, made in the Fifteenth Century, exhibits what is termed a “Tennys Courte.”

In Winkyn de Worde's *Cronycles of Englande*, 1528, we find the following: “And somewhat in scorne and despyte, he [the Dauphin] sent to hym [Henry V. of England] a tonne full of Tenes balles.” On this hint spoke Shakspeare in his *Henry V.*, Act I., Scene II.:

“We are glad, the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
His present, and your pains, we thank you for;

When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard :
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces."

Henry VII. and Henry VIII. were both fond of Tennis, we are told; and the latter added a Tennis Court to the Palace at Whitehall. The oldest establishment of the kind, now remaining in England, was built by the Eighth Henry at Hampton Court, when that Palace came into his possession in 1526.

When Queen Elizabeth was a guest of the Earl of Hertford, in 1591, we read that "ten of his lordship's servants, after dinner, did hang up lines, squaring out the form of a Tennis Court, and making a cross-line in the middle; in this square they played, five to five, with handball at bord and cord, as they tearme it, to the great liking of her Highness."

James I. considered Tennis well becoming the dignity of a prince, and he urged his son Henry, Prince of Wales, to turn his attention to it. Charles I. played it while he was still Duke of York; but

its first royal enthusiast was the Second Charles, and one of his favorite haunts was the Court in St. James's Street, which was not closed until some thirty years ago. "On the 4th of January, 1664," says Mr. Pepys, "I went to the Tennis Court, and there saw the King play at Tennis. But," he adds, "to see how the King's play was extolled, without any cause at all, was a loathsome sight; though sometimes indeed he did play very well, and deserved to be commended, but such open flattery is beastly."

An ancient legend associating Joan of Arc with Tennis may, perhaps, give the game an additional charm in the eyes of certain players. Two centuries ago, and two centuries after her time, a rumor was started in France that the Maid of Orleans was not burned at the stake at all, but lived to marry a soldier and to run away from her husband with a priest. Her brothers and her cousins are reported to have recognized and accepted her; and in 1452 the curé of Sermaize is said to have testified that "a young woman," with whom he had engaged in a set or

two, urged him to say boldly that he had played Tennis with the Pucelle, "whereat," he added, "the deponent was right joyous." This was twenty years or more after the Pucelle is supposed to have been carried to the stake, and when she must have been a very mature young woman indeed. A life-sized, full-length portrait of Joan of Arc with a Tennis Racket is respectfully suggested as a subject to the budding Bastien - Lepages of the present Beaux-Arts.

Tennis evidently sprang from Racket, and Racket appears, according to Mr. F. Phillpott, to have been merely a transition from the ruder and less scientific mode of propulsion adopted by our forefathers in their ball play, who always played "Hand Tennis" with the naked hand. By degrees the glove came into use, and the glove was sometimes lined. The glove was afterwards exchanged for a sort of *reticulata manus*, the naked hand being bound with thongs or cords made of what is popularly, but improperly, termed catgut, as likely to increase the power and velocity of the ball; this, in

turn, gave way to artificial palms of the hands, or rackets.

With a ball, and a wall, and a hand of five fingers, says Mr. A. Holt White, in *Notes and Queries*, September 27, 1856, you have the game of Fives; with a bat of wood and then a racket, and two side walls, you have it on a larger scale. With a double Fives-Court and a roof on it for protection against the weather, you have Long Fives, still sometimes played in the Tennis Courts; and then a game of Long Fives made a game of refined skill is—Tennis. Another writer in the same journal declares that Tennis balls in the Sixteenth Century were made of iron; and he quotes the inscription upon a still existing English provincial tombstone, which shows how a boy was killed by a ball of that description, which hit him on the head!

Tennis lay dormant in England for many years, and until Croquet died a natural death, not long ago; and Lawn-Tennis sprang from the ashes of croquet balls, stakes, and mallets. It is gentle and it is mild, this Lawn-Tennis. It takes

young persons, of both sexes, out of doors ; it gives them opportunities for flirtation, and the chance to look pretty in bright flannels ; it gives middle-aged persons who do not always flirt, and who do not always devote much thought to their raiment, the fresh air and the exercise they need ; and now it reigns supreme, while its right there is none to dispute. The historians record its accession in England in 1874, and it was crowned at the First Tournament, held at Lord's the next year. It became the chief ruler of outdoor sports in America at about the same period.

Richardson's *Dictionary* derives the name Tennis "from the French *Tenez, accepe, take*—a word which the French, who excel in this game, use when they hit the ball." *The Century Dictionary*, on the other hand, asserts that this theory of derivation is purely imaginary, and that it is inconsistent with the usages of the time ; but the *Century* gives no other etymology in its stead. Dozens of theories concerning the origin and the meaning of the word Tennis are contained in

Notes and Queries for a period extending over a number of years; and column upon column is devoted to the discussion of the subject, the chief contestants being the Rev. W. W. Skeat, author of the *Etymological Dictionary*, and Mr. Julian Marshall, author of *The Annals of Tennis*, published in 1878. Mr. Marshall points out that the name Tennis was never applied to the game outside of Great Britain and Ireland. In Italy, where it originated, it was called *Il giuoco della palla*, in France *Le Jeu de la Paume*, in Germany simply *Ballspiel*, in Spain *Juego de Pelota*, in the Basque Provinces *Jugar al blé*, in Flanders *Kaelsspel*, in Scotland the caitch, or Tennise.

One ingenious contributor points out the strong analogy between *tennis* and *dance*, more especially in the Teutonic form of *tanz*. The bounding or ricochet motion of the tennis-ball is a dance round the enclosure called a Tennis Court, he contends, and the origin of both words may, therefore, be identical. Mr. George White says that Tennis is the old French game of *Le Jeu de la Paume*, and that on

striking the ball with the flat of the hand the player (in France) cried out *Tenez*, as we call out *Play*!

Another theory is that the term came from the French *tenie*, a fillet, the band or string on which the net is stretched. Another that *tenne* is German for threshing-floor, and that a smooth, paved threshing-floor *might* have served once for a primitive Tennis Court. Another writer affirms that *Tennis* is the old English form of *tens*, the plural of *ten*, and that *Tens* is a sort of double Fives! Another correspondent shows that the word Tennis was invented before the game Tennis, and that tence (*tenis*) in its old sense meant a combat or a quarrel, a batting to and fro. Hence Widewood's definition that Tennis is a game in which a ball is driven to and fro with rackets. *Tennes* in this connection—a combat—is said to occur in the works of Gower (1400), in Higden's *Polychronicon* (1482), in Fitzherbert (1523), in Palgrave (1530), in Eliot (1544), in Shakspeare (edition of 1623), in Chapman, and in Beaumont and Fletcher.

Mr. F. Chance discovered that the

names Tennyson and Denison are the same, therefore that St. Denis was St. Tennis, and therefore as St. Denis, on account of the traditional episode with his head, which he held in his hand as if it were a ball, *might* have been instituted the patron saint of all games connected with balls of any kind, and thus *might* have bestowed his name upon Denis or Tennis, which is pre-eminent among the ball games of France. This seems to be fetched a little far. But if St. Fiacre gave his name to a vehicle of public carriage, why should not St. Denis have done as much for a vehicle of public amusement?

Still the matter is left unsettled. And the present compiler, who has waded through all this discussion of the derivations of the term, feels like the boy who was hit on the head with the iron ball!

IV

GOLF, AND SOME OF ITS ANCIENT TRADITIONS

“ But we will *put* it, as they say.”

—*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act V., Scene II.



GOLF, even more than tennis, is essentially the relief and the recreation of the middle-aged man. It gives him, in a mild form, something to think about, something to do, somewhere to go to, and some object to go for. It takes him out of doors, and out of himself. Exercise, as exercise and nothing more, is the hardest of hard work ; but if there be a goal at the end of it, the middle-aged man will take exercise, and willingly. In the city he will promenade, upon paved streets, for miles to buy a newspaper which he can purchase on his

own block ; while in the country he will walk even more miles, over grass and heather, simply for the sake of putting a little round ball into a series of little round holes ; and he will get no end of physical good and no small amount of keen pleasure out of the operation.

Dr. Jamieson, who spells it "Golf," "Goff," and "Gouf," speaks of it as a common game in the North Country ; and he mentions "Shinty, an inferior species of Golf generally played at by young people." "In London," he adds, "the game is called Hackie. It seems to be the same which is designated Not [Knot] in Gloucestershire," the name being borrowed from the ball, which is made of a knotty piece of wood.

Shakspeare is absolutely silent upon the subject of Golf, and Golf is almost the one point upon which there have been no *Queries* and no *Notes*. Even Strutt—who spells it "Goff"—devotes but little space to it, although in what he says about it he has been followed by all its later historians. He considers it the most ancient of all the games which are played with a

ball and a bat ; he says that it answers to a rustic pastime of the Romans, which they played with a ball of leather stuffed with feathers ; he adds that in the reign of Edward III. it was called "cambuca"—a curved club, from *camag*, anything crooked or curved, and bandy-ball from *bandy*, bent—and he gives an interesting illustration of two men playing bandy-ball from a Fourteenth Century manuscript illustration, which suggests our Shinney or Hockey rather than Golf.

Mr. Andrew Lang, who touches upon all sorts of subjects, and who touches nothing which he does not adorn, contributes a long paper upon Golf to the *Badminton Library*. He declares that to write the history of the game as it should be written would demand a thorough study of all Scottish Acts of Parliament, Kirk Sessions, records, memoirs, and in fact all Scottish literatures, legislation, and annals from the beginning of time. He feels that he himself is no longer young enough to go so deep into the subject ; but from some of the Acts and literature which he *does* consult, he col-

lects curious facts and anecdotes well worth repeating here. He shows that in 1592 the Town Council of Edinburgh prohibited the game on Sundays; that two early enthusiasts were prosecuted for "playing of the Gowff on the Links of Leith, every Sabbath, the time of the sermons"; and that in 1604 one Robert Robertson, of Perth, sat in the seat of repentance for the same cause. He cites a number of distinguished golfers, from kings to caddies; and he quotes Colonel Fergusson as preserving the tradition that Dame Margaret Ross found means to convert herself into a Golf ball, for the express purpose of spoiling the game of her political adversary. "Can you conceive a meaner trick?" says the legend, "than when a hole was about to be 'halved,' and a gentle touch with the putter was all that was wanted to hole out, and so divide, her ladyship by rolling an eighth of an inch to one side caused the hole to be lost." One cannot help feeling, as Colonel Fergusson felt, that the political adversary had the best of this encounter, even if he lost his game, and

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that the lady in being knocked about by a strong arm and a hard iron must have paid dearly for her mischief. Dame Margaret Ross is supposed to have been the original of Lady Ashton in *The Bride of Lammermoor*; but Scott does not allude to the legend of the Golf ball, and he doubts that she ever sold herself to the devil; her only witchcraft, he believes, consisting in the ascendancy of a powerful mind over a weak one. Into what hazards and bunkers she drove her daughter, all the world knows.

Golf like football seems to have been prohibited in Scotland by James II. and by James III., in the middle and in the end of the fifteenth century, the former king issuing a statute that these amusements "be utterly cried down," as interfering with the more serious and the more useful practice of archery. They might kill an Englishman with an arrow; they could only win a medal from him with "a putter" or "a spoon."

James IV., in his accounts with the Lord High Treasurer of his kingdom, is seen to have spent no little money on

Golf "Clubbes and Balles" in 1503; and he is shown, by public documents still extant, to have played at the Golf with the Erle of Bothwile on the 3d of February in that year. After Darnley's death it is recorded that Mary Queen of Scots played Golf at St. Andrews—but not with the Earl of Bothwell; and on the 4th of April, 1603, her son appointed a certain burgess of Edinburgh "Maker of Clubs to his Majesty." This was one of the earliest acts of the reign of James; and Golf became the fashion at once, and once more. It was adopted as the favorite amusement of the aristocracy of Britain, on both sides of the border; and it figures among the healthful, pleasant, sensible sports which this same James IV. of Scotland and I. of England prescribed for his eldest son. From an anonymous paper among the Harleian manuscripts Mr. Strutt quotes the following as showing Prince Henry's human nature and boyish predilections: "At another time, playing at Goff, a play not unlike to pale-maille, whilst his schoolmaster stood talking with another, and marked not his

Highness warning him to stand farther off, the Prince thinking he had gone aside, lifted up his Goff-club to strike the ball ; mean tyme one standing by said to him, ' Beware that you hit not Master Newton,' wherewith, drawing back his hand, said the Prince, ' Had I done so, I had but paid my debts ! ' "

There are boys still living, baldheaded and gray, who remember one famous afternoon, in St. John's Park, New York, when an unpopular schoolmaster, acting as umpire, was seriously doubled up by a baseball bat, discharged after the ball by a left-handed and much-kept-in pupil. The striker always declared it was " a slip " ; but it was universally considered as the intentional settlement of many old scores. He was only the eldest son of a merchant prince ; nevertheless, thus again doth history repeat itself.

It is recorded that Charles I. was playing Golf on Leith Links in 1642 when he received the news of the Irish Rebellion, and that he left the grounds at once and proceeded to London the next day. The latest crowned monarch to play Golf in

Scotland was that admirable personage whom the English call James II., and the Scotch, James VII. When Duke of Albany, holding court at Holyrood, he played a match with one John Paterson, a poor shoemaker but a good Golfer, against two English noblemen, on these same links of Leith. The stakes were high, the Sassenachs were defeated, and Paterson pocketed the winnings, with which he built a house, standing to this day, on the Canongate, and still called "Golfer's Land," in honor of the event. Above its door is a Latin inscription thus roughly translated: "In the year when Paterson won the prize in Golfing, a game peculiar to the Scots, and in which his ancestors had nine times won the same distinction, he raised this mansion, to commemorate a victory more noble than all the rest." Whether the Scotch team—so curiously made up—was permitted to win out of pure loyalty to the crown is not explained, and how James came to surrender the entire stakes can never be explained at all. This, however, was without question the most prof-

itable match at Golf which a handicapped professional player ever gained ; and the reward is certainly the most substantial and the most enduring in the whole history of the game.

That Golf has contributed a bit of ancient slang to the language Robert Chambers points out in his *Book of Days*; and he explains that among the many trials of the players in Scotland were the rabbits which infested the links and made little holes in the ground preparatory to burrowing. These are called rabbit scrapes, or simply scrapes, and among the established rules in most of the Golfing associations was one indicating what was permitted to a player when he *got into a scrape*; and this he believes to be the origin of the picturesque and expressive phrase.

The links at St. Andrews, Fifeshire, the grand old University Town of Scotland, claim for themselves the distinction of being the finest in the kingdom. They are two miles in extent, and they contain every variety of ground which the most enthusiastic expert can desire. The Royal

and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews was organized in 1751. It is national rather than local, and it is the parent of all other institutions of its kind, in any land. Among its members have been many of the amateur champions of the world, and her Majesty the Queen is its patroness to-day, although the last monarch to put himself on record as actually patronizing it was William IV., who presented a gold medal with a green ribbon, to be challenged and played for annually, as expressive of his approbation of that ancient institution. This was in January, 1837. The King died the same year, and Golf in Scotland is royal only in name and by nature. In America it is fast becoming Boss.

V

BOAT-RACES IN OTHER DAYS

“And now to London all the crew are gone.”
—*Third Part Henry VI.*, Act II., Scene I.



THE University Boat-race is a comparatively modern institution, and aquatic sports generally in England are of more recent origin than are the other popular out-door recreations and amusements. Boats, however, are almost as old as the waters upon which they float, or as the man who floats them. In the early tombs of Egypt, dating back three thousand years before the coming of the Christ, are still to be found pictures of boats and of oars and of steering-gear, all of which are so far perfected as to prove that they must have existed, in some form or shape, many hundreds of years before. The early Britons cer-

tainly understood the use of boats; the Saxons are known to have been expert oarsmen; and Edgar, the king of all the English, is said to have been the coxswain of an eight-oared boat, rowed by eight oarsmen, all of whom were kings. "At Chester, where he lived with more than kingly charge," sang Drayton, "eight tributary kings there rowed him in his barge."

One of the greatest and most famous, as it is perhaps the earliest, of the annual Boat-races on the Thames, is that which is rowed on the 1st of August for "Doggett's Coat and Badge." It began in 1715, the year after the accession of George I., and it will continue, no doubt, throughout the reign of George V. The competitors are six young water-men whose apprenticeship is about to end, and the course lies between the Old Swan at London Bridge and the White Swan at Chelsea, and is always against the tide

Thomas Doggett was an Irishman, and a very popular comedian of his day. He was described by Colley Cibber as the most original of all his contemporaries

on the stage, and the strictest observer of nature. He borrowed from no one, and he was imitated by many; he had remarkable skill in dressing his characters to exactness; he was very humorous, but he never carried his humor too far; and he was an ardent political admirer of the Hanoverian king, in honor of whom he instituted the race, leaving in his will a sum of money in trust for the purchase of the prizes, the coat to be of Hanoverian orange color, and the badge in the form of the Hanoverian White Horse.

“And did you ne’er hear of a jolly young waterman,
Who at Blackfriars’ Bridge used for to ply?
He feathered his oars with such skill and dexterity,
Winning each heart and delighting each eye”;

and he was Tom Tug, the hero of Dibdin’s *The Waterman*, who won Doggett’s coat and badge and a wife at the same time. She blushed an answer to his wooing tale and pinned the White Horse on the captured coat, as the curtain went down to the music of the familiar air.

There is, by-the-way, an original portrait of Doggett in the Garrick Club;

and a small print of him will be found in George Daniel's *Merrie England*, published in 1842.

In the *Good Fellows' Calendar* for 1826 we read that on the 18th of August in the previous year "Mr. Kean, the performer," gave a prize wherry, which was rowed for by seven pair of oars. The course was "from Westminster Bridge round a boat moored near Lawn Cottage, and thence to the Red House at Battersea." This, on the part of the performer of the Nineteenth Century, was a direct imitation of the performer of the century before.

The English University Boat-races have been the subject of song and story for more than fifty years. They figure in history as well as in fiction, and they need but a passing word here. The first race, according to the younger Charles Dickens, in his *Dictionary of the Thames*, was rowed in 1836, when Cambridge won. Eight-oared boats, according to Mr. W. B. Woodgate, in *The Badminton Library*, appeared at Eton before they found their way to Oxford, while at Cambridge they were introduced still later; and he tells

us that in 1815 Brazennose won the first place on the river, the earliest record of a college boat race. In *Bell's Life* in 1834 is a paragraph stating that the Head Master at Westminster had expressed himself as disapproving of his scholars rowing a match with Eton, on account of the intemperance and excesses to which such matters lead! Curiously enough, in the long and full accounts of the University Boat-races to be found in the Badminton history of boating, there is no allusion whatever to the International contest, held in August, 1869, between Oxford and Harvard, which excited so much enthusiasm on both sides of the Atlantic.

Although Mr. Dickens gives the history of the Oxford-Cambridge race as beginning in 1836, Mr. Bartholomew Lane, writing in *Notes and Queries*, April 13, 1878, quotes *Bell's Life* as saying that the "cutter" in which the Oxford men rowed the Cantabs in 1829 belonged to Balliol, and was built by King; and it will be interesting to rowing men to know that the Messrs. Salter of boating fame to-day are the direct successors of Davis and

King. Mr. Lane adds some curious information about the cutters of his time. "My rowing recollections do not go back to 1829," he says, "but I remember racing-boats built not long after that time, and wondrous craft they were, compared with the swift and frail outriggers of the present. There used to be a gangway fastened along the thwarts from stroke to bow, and each man walked along this gangway, oar in hand, till he reached his proper place. Racing-boats were then much pinched in both bow and aft, but more so at bow's thwart than at stroke's. This made it rather hard lines for poor No. 1, for he had not only to contend against the disadvantage of keeping time and stroke with an oar shorter inboard than any of the others, and consequently very badly balanced, but he had to endure more than his fair share of scolding from the coxswain, whose great idea of the principles of rowing and steering in those prescientific days seemed to be that it was at least judicious to select for his severest censure the man who was farthest off from him."

All students of the biographies of Mr. Tom Brown and of Mr. Verdant Green will remember the graphic accounts of life on the Isis and the Thames contained in those delightful works; and the illustrations which Mr. Cuthbert Bede affixed to his own volume will show what sort of a vehicle it was in which the crew of Brazenface bumped, and got bumped, only a few years ago; while a certain craft calling itself the *Sylph*, but known as a "tub" by all the boating-men, will be particularly remembered as giving Mr. Green great opportunities for crab-catching, and finally as half drowning that famous undergraduate in a very bewildering part of the river, which is still called "the Gut."

Although they had nothing to do with racing, the Water Pageants on the Thames were long a prominent feature in London high-life. A Lord Mayor who reigned in the city in the middle of the fifteenth century built the first grand barge of the municipality, and went to Westminster in it in 1453 or 1454. The liveried companies followed his example,

and built magnificent vessels to attend their chief magistrate on these occasions, and for many years the watermen figured as a part of the Lord Mayor's Show, the Doggett heroes always wearing the trophies of their previous victories. Proud Anne Bullen went in state, by water, from Greenwich to the Tower before her coronation; and poor Anne Bullen went back to the Tower by the same silent highway to have her head cut off. Queen Elizabeth used to sail up and down the Thames in very grand style during her lifetime; and after her death, her body was brought with great pomp, by water, from Richmond to Whitehall, where at every stroke the oars did tears let fall, and fish under water, according to a contemporary poetical eulogy, wept out their eyes of pearl, and swum [*sic*] blind after. Her present Majesty is supposed to possess a state barge, although she has not used it since she went, by water, in 1849, to open the New Coal Exchanges in Lower Thames Street. The last great River Pageant likely to live in history was the public funeral of Nelson, when the hero

was carried from Greenwich to Whitehall Stairs on his way to his last resting-place in the crypt of St. Paul's.

The Annual Regatta at Henley was not instituted until 1839; and the first idea of a regatta in England is said to have been stimulated by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's descriptions of a fête-day on the Grand Canal in Venice; and on the 23d of June, 1775, according to the London press of the period, the "smart" set appeared on the Thames in its best raiment and its finest company manners. The programme was submitted to the public a month before the event; and early in the afternoon the river from Millbank to London Bridge was crowded with pleasure boats of all sizes and of every description, and grand stands and small stands, gayly decorated with bunting, were erected wherever a view of the stream could be obtained. Ladies and gentlemen were asked to arrange their own parties, and all the City Companies loaned their barges for the occasion. The excitement was great, and two hundred thousand persons are estimated to

have been on the water at one time. The avenue to Westminster Bridge was covered with booths, and with refreshment and gaming tables; constables guarded every approach to the river, and are said to have charged every individual who passed sums ranging from a penny to half a crown, according to the rank and the appearance of the passer; while half a guinea is known to have been paid, more than once, for the simple right to stand on a coal-barge. The rowers were dressed in red, white, and blue uniforms, the ladies were requested to appear in white gowns, and the gentlemen in frock coats, although without restrictions as to color. A salute of twenty-one guns announced the arrival of the Lord Mayor and the start of the procession, when they all proceeded to Ranelagh in what the special correspondents called a "picturesque irregularity." Supper and dancing followed in a temporary building erected for the purpose; the festivities did not break up until morning; many boats were overturned on the way home, and seven persons were drowned. It was a wild night!

VI

TRANSPORTATION AND ITS INCEPTION

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."
—*Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act II., Scene II.



THE first transport of which we have any record was called the Ark. It was commanded by Noah, our common ancestor; it was laden with live-stock; it carried a limited number of saloon passengers; and it made a very memorable and important voyage, landing on Ararat some thousand or fifteen hundred years after the Creation of the World, and materially affecting our entire commercial system.

An ark, literally, is a chest, a box, a coffer, a bin, a hutch, or other close receptacle. And Noah's Ark, according to Old Testament history, was a building of gopher-wood covered with pitch.

What kind of wood was the gopher-wood the authorities have never determined. It is mentioned but once in the Bible—Genesis vi. 14—and whether it was cypress, or pine, or some other wood, no man at this time can tell. We only know that this gopher-wood Ark was three hundred cubits long, fifty cubits broad, and thirty cubits high; and we do not know what was the extent of a cubit. The cubit is the fore-arm; and a cubit measure is supposed to mean the distance between the elbow and the end of the thumb-nail, or the end of the fore-finger. The Hebraic cubit is estimated variously at from nineteen to twenty-six inches. Whatever its size, the Ark could not have been what we now consider an uncommonly large boat, and the elephants and the giraffes who were among its living freight must have found themselves, sometimes, in comparative close quarters. According to tradition, the Ark was an oblong floating house, with a door in the side and a window in the roof; and according to the first book of Moses, called Genesis, it was one hundred and

twenty years in building. It contained eight persons, and of all "clean" animals seven pairs, and of all "unclean" animals one pair, and of birds seven pairs of each sort.

The early illuminators of the Sacred Scriptures have given us quaint illustrations of the Ark, based upon a composite notion of the ships of their own day and the style of ship they fancied the Ark might have been. The Ark goes back very nearly to the beginning of history, for Noah, its master, was the son of Lamech, who is supposed to have been about fifty years old when Adam died, and he was the grandson of Methuselah, who for two hundred years was a contemporary of Adam. That Noah, therefore, might have known Adam is not at all improbable. Noah was five centuries old when Shem, Ham, and Japheth were born; and when the Ark was completed and the Deluge occurred, Noah, according to the old-fashioned *Dictionary of Dates*, must have been in the seven or eight hundredth year of his age. The voyage of the Ark lasted one hundred

and fifty days, but another six months or more elapsed before the disembarkation took place and before the first Pilgrims landed on the original Plymouth Rock.

Noah's Ark, except for the fact that it floated, could hardly be considered a ship; for there is no record of its having any keel, any stem or stern, any rudder, any mast, any sail, any oar, any anchor, any cable; it was not intended or fitted up for any particular destination, nor was it built or designed to buffet strong seas or to meet with heavy weather.

The invention of the art of ship-building, Noah's Ark being accepted as merely a floating house, is attributed by some authorities to the Egyptians, the first ship brought from Egypt into Greece arriving, as is claimed, in the year 1485 B.C.; but navigation, according to other authorities, owes its origin to the early Phœnicians, and ships are mentioned by Moses, Job, and Balaam. Necho, or Neku, who reigned in Egypt between 616 and 600 B.C., began, according to Herodotus, to dig a canal which was to connect the

Nile with the Red Sea ; but he was admonished by an oracle to give the undertaking up, after a hundred and twenty thousand men had perished in the work, and he sent certain vessels, manned by Phœnicians, to circumnavigate Africa and to reach the Red Sea in a more round-about way. This they accomplished in the course of three years.

The general system of navigation in ancient days, we are told, whether the vessel was impelled by oars or by sails, was to keep close to the shore, and never to venture into the open sea, except in order to reach an island or to cross a channel of moderate width. And all progress was almost universally suspended at nights and during the winter months. The ordinary rate of a day's sail, exclusive of the nights, was about thirty-five miles, and at every interval of that length the vessel put into land.

The invention and first use of the mariner's compass is shrouded in mystery. It has been ascribed to an Italian of the early days of the Fourteenth Century ; but it is believed to have been known to

the Chinese—who would seem to have known everything—and before the beginning of the Christian Era. One of the earliest descriptions of the compass is in the work of Guyot de Provins. “The mariners,” he said, in 1205, “sail by a fixed star, and they have a contrivance which never deceives them, through the qualities of the magnet. They have an ugly brown stone which attracts iron; they mark the exact quarter to which the needle points which they have rubbed on to this stone and afterwards stuck into a straw. They merely put it in water, in which the straw causes it to swim; then the point turns directly towards the star with such certainty that it will never fail, and no mariner will have any doubt of it. When the sea is dark and foggy, that neither star or moon can be seen, they place a lighted candle beside the needle, and have no fear of losing their way; the needle points direct to the star, and the mariners know the right way to take.”

Robert Fulton started his steamboat on the Hudson in 1807, and Henry Bell per-

formed the same feat on the Clyde in 1812; nevertheless paddle-wheeled boats are believed to have been propelled by steam twenty years earlier. Fulton made his first voyage in the *Clermont* in thirty-three hours from New York to Albany. Mr. Bell's *Comet* ran between Glasgow and Greenock, and made the single journey in a day.

The first steamship to cross the Atlantic was the *Savannah*, built and equipped in New York, from which port she sailed for Liverpool on the 15th of July, 1819, carrying twenty-six days later news to England.

The ox and the ass as beasts of burden date back to the days of Abraham, but the horse in Biblical times figures only in connection with operations of war. And Pharaoh entreated Abram well, for Sarah, his wife's sake; and he had sheep, oxen, and she-asses. And Abram rose up early in the morning and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him. Colonel Dodge, in his *Riders of Many Lands*, tells us that the horse was brought into Egypt by the Shepherd Kings less

than seventeen hundred years before the dawn of the Christian Era, and that all of Pharaoh's horses and his chariots and his horsemen were drowned in the Red Sea two centuries later. No horse is to be seen depicted in the art of the earlier monuments of the Egyptians.

The earliest wagon of which there is any mention in the Bible was the vehicle sent by Joseph to bring the little ones and the wives and the father of his brethren into the land of Egypt, five or six centuries after the voyage of the Ark. Carts were sometimes used for the removal of the Ark of the Covenant and its sacred utensils; and when the Philistines sent this chest of shittim-wood back to the Israelites they made a new cart, and they tied two milch-kine to the cart, and they laid the Ark of the Lord upon the cart and drew it to the field of Joshua. And he clave the wood of the cart, and offered the kine a burnt-offering to the Lord. The Israelites themselves usually carried this ark upon two gold-covered poles, the priests who bore it walking always in advance of the hosts.

In Chaucer's day travel was universally accomplished on foot or on horseback, and the story of the famous ride to Canterbury by Chaucer himself is still extant in undefiled English. Ladies at that period sat in pillions fixed to the horses, and generally behind some relation or servitor. Elizabeth is said to have gone to open her fifth Parliament in a sort of cart without springs, the body resting solidly on the axle; which must have been a most uncomfortable journey, in view of the then wretched state of the streets and the highways. It was not until the end of the sixteenth century, and even then very rarely, that wagons were used as public conveyances. But by the middle of the seventeenth century strings of "stage-wagons" travelled regularly between London and Liverpool and between London and the North. The occasional stage-coach appeared a few years earlier, and added greatly to the public comfort and convenience. It ran only on the better roads, and only in summer-time when the roads were passable. In winter it was laid up, like the canal-boat of cold coun-

tries. One of the earliest announcements of this mode of transportation is preserved by Robert Chambers, and thus it reads: "Whoever is desirous of going between London and York, or York and London, let them [*sic*] repair to the Black Swan in Holborn, or the Black Swan in Coney Street, York, where they will be conveyed in a stage-coach which starts (if God permits) every Thursday at five in the morning."

The stage-coach, like every innovation, had its enemies, and we find it denounced as "the greatest evil that has happened of late years to the kingdom, mischievous to trade, and destructive to the public health"; and furthermore we are told that "those who travel in these coaches contract an idle habit of body, become weary and listless when they ride a few miles, and are then unable or unwilling to travel on horseback, and not able to endure frost, snow, or rain, or to lodge in the field." In 1700 York was a week's journey from the Metropolis, and even fifty years later a fortnight was consumed in going from London to Edinburgh, the

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coaches starting, God willing, once a month. The first coach between Edinburgh and Glasgow, in 1749, accomplished the distance in forty-four hours; and another vehicle was called "The Flyer" because it landed the Glasgow man in Edinburgh, and *vice versa*, in a day and a half! The earliest mail-coach started from London for Bristol on the 8th of August, 1784, at eight in the morning, reaching its destination at eleven at night. And it met with bitter opposition from the postal authorities when its employment was first suggested.

The hackney-coach was as unpopular in the beginning of its career as anything that ever went on wheels. One "Gossip Garrard," writing from London in 1639, speaks of it as being a new thing; and in connection with it he mentions a certain "Captain Baily, who hath been a sea-captain, but now lives on the land, where he tries experiments. He hath erected, according to his ability, some four hackney-coaches, put his men in a livery, and appointed them to stand at the May-pole, in the Strand, giving them instructions

at what rate to carry men into several parts of the town, where all day they may be had. Other hackney-men," he adds, "seeing this way, flocked to the same place and performed their journey at the same rate, so that sometimes there is twenty of them together, which disperse up and down!" The good citizen shopkeepers of London complained bitterly that they were ruined by the hackneys, their customers being whisked past their establishments in a hurry, instead of being tempted, as they walked, to go in and buy the goods displayed in the windows. Taylor, the Water-Poet, a waterman by profession, found his trade ruined also, and wrote an invective against the hackney-coaches, saying, among other things, that a man can neither sleep, speak, hear, write, nor eat his dinner for the confused noise of them. And he continued that "a coach, like a heathen, a pagan, an infidel, or an atheist, observes neither Sabbath nor holiday, time nor season, robustiously breaking through the toil or net of divine or human law, order, and authority. . . . The coach is not capable of

hearing what the preacher saith, nor will it suffer men or women to hear, for it makes such a hideous rumbling in the streets, by many church doors, that people's ears are stopped by the noise. . . . And by this means souls are robbed and starved of their heavenly manna."

An old print of the time of the First Charles shows the driver sitting on a sort of chair in front of his vehicle; while in the succeeding reign the driver is seen upon his horse itself, in true postilion style.

John Evelyn, writing from Naples in 1645, said: "The streets are full of gallants on horseback, in coaches and sedans"; and he added that the sedans "were brought hence first into England by Sir Sanders Duncomb." The name sedan is supposed to be derived from Sedan, a town in France. These conveyances were used regularly in Great Britain after the middle of the seventeenth century, and their introduction was very nearly contemporary with that of the hackney-coach. There is a tradition that the original British sedan was the property of the favorite, Buckingham, who died in

1628, and who greatly disgusted the people because "he was making beasts of burden of his fellow-creatures." Sedans for many years were more popular in the capitals of Europe than carriages, especially in Edinburgh, where the narrow streets and steep hills made them convenient and comfortable. The sedan was usually "stabled" in the lobby of the town mansion, and, being graceful in shape and richly decorated, it was made ornamental as well as useful. As Mr. Dobson puts it so charmingly, it has waited at portals where Garrick has played, it has waited at Heidegger's Grand Masquerade. Oh, the scandals it knows; oh, the tales it could tell, of Drum and Ridotto, of Rake and of Belle! And now furbished up, and despatched with great care, it finds its last resting-place in a Fine Art Museum, this old sedan chair!

The omnibus in Paris dates back to the reign of Louis XIV., who, by a royal decree in 1662, established a line of public coaches, at a fare of five cents, to run at fixed hours, full or empty, from certain

extreme ends of the town. The first 'buses, as they started from the Luxembourg or the Porte St. Antoine, were met with hisses and stones; but for a time when they were the mode, all Paris was mad to use them. After a while the fashion changed, neither the rich nor the poor would patronize them, and they were not seen in Paris until a century and a half later. They reappeared in the French capital in 1827, and they were found of great benefit in building barricades in the troubles of July, 1830. The first London omnibus ran from the Bank of England to the Yorkshire Stingo, in the New Road, on the 4th July, 1829. The fare was a shilling for the whole journey, sixpence for the half journey; and the passengers, all of them in the inside, were furnished with periodicals to read on the way!

Railroads did not come into existence, and then only in a very primitive form, and propelled by horse or man power, until the middle of the seventeenth century. In the *Life of Lord-Keeper North* they were thus described in 1676: "The manner of the carriage is by laying rails

of timber from the colliery to the river, exactly straight and parallel; and bulky carts are made with four rollers fitting those rails, whereby the carriage is so easy that one horse can draw four or five chaldrons of coals, and is an immense benefit to the coal merchants."

In the *Life of George Stephenson* we read that "in 1800 Mr. Benjamin Outram, of Little Eaton, in Derbyshire, used stone props instead of timber for supporting the ends and the joinings of the rails. As this plan was pretty generally adopted, the roads became known as 'Outram roads,' and subsequently, for brevity's sake, 'tram-roads.'" A correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, however, derives the word *tram* from the Latin "*trames*, an overthwart or crossway," and believes that we get our familiar word *tramp* from the same root. And he adds that tramways were used in Derbyshire long before Outram's day; one of planks and log sleepers having been laid between Shipley's coal-pit and the wharf near Newmansleys, a distance of about a mile and a half. Another *Querist* asks if the word

is not of Scandinavian origin, *tromm* in Swedish dialects meaning a summer sledge. Brockett, in his *Glossary of North Country Words* (1825), defines *tram* as "a small carriage on four wheels, so distinguished from a sledge; the word is Gothic." And *tram* is an ancient Scotticism still in use, and meaning the shafts of a cart or a barrow.

The first experiment with a locomotive steam-engine is said to have been made in Wales in 1804. The machine succeeded in drawing several wagons on a tramway at the rate of about five miles an hour. It does not seem to have been employed to do regular work, and after a few trials it was abandoned. An improved locomotive engine, constructed by George Stephenson, began its career in 1814, and was considered a great success. In 1825 the Stockton and Darlington Railway was opened for traffic, and it is claimed that this is the first public highway on which locomotive engines were exclusively employed. The satisfaction it gave led to the construction of the Liverpool and Manchester line, opened

in 1830, on September 15th, when Mr. Huskisson, in the presence of the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and other distinguished persons, was crushed to death under the wheels ; an evil omen for the beginning of railways.

The first passenger - carriage on the Stockton and Darlington Line was the body of an old stage-coach fixed to a railway truck. The majority of the travellers on the opening day were forced to occupy empty coal-wagons. For some years luggage was placed on the top of the coaches and left to take care of itself. The guards sat in the same airy and exposed position, and the trains were started by a bugle, on which the tune " I'd be a butterfly " was played, probably as addressed to the guards and the luggage.

Railway tickets originally were made of paper, and were somewhat in the form of way - bills. Their evolution in different countries and at different times has been marked and great ; and a collection of the many varieties of them would form an interesting hobby to those who have no more postage-stamps to gather.

VII

TOBACCO, AND THE BEGINNINGS THEREOF

“Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.”
—*Henry V.*, Act IV., Scene I.



TOBACCO and Golf are the only topics, in the whole history of things, upon which Shakspeare does not seem to have touched, though men smoked in Shakspeare's day, and kings uttered Counterblasts against Tobacco in every form. Tobacco, however, was familiar enough to Shakspeare's contemporaries. It is called "divine Tobacco" in *The Faërie Queene*, and Ben Jonson, in *Every Man in his Humour*, calls it "this roguish Tobacco, good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers." That Shakspeare *did* smoke

is fully believed by all the smoking commentators, who cannot account for his strange silence on the subject, except on the ground that smoking was not agreeable to the playwright's wife. Such things have been !

Edmund Malone quotes a number of epigrams and satires which would seem to prove that the play-goers of the time of Shakspeare were attended by pages, in the theatres, who furnished them with pipes and tobacco, and that they smoked not only on the stage, which the spectators occupied as well as the players, but in other parts of the house. And Paul Heutzner, in his *Journey into England*, in 1598, says, "The English constantly smoking of Tobacco, and in this manner : they have pipes on purpose, made of clay, into the further end of which they put the herb, so dry that it may be rubbed into powder ; and putting fire to it they draw the smoke into their mouths, which they puff out again through their nostrils, like funnels, along with it plenty of phlegm, and defluxion of the head."

In looking through the columns of

Notes and Queries since its initial volume, dated June 1, 1850, we find many *Notes* upon Tobacco; and many pages scattered through its forty-five years of existence are devoted to the history of Tobacco, its uses and abuses. Innumerable *Queries* have inspired the information that John Bell of Antermony, who was in China in 1721, reported the Chinese to have had the use of Tobacco for many ages; that John Ledyard declared the Tartars to have smoked from remote antiquity; that Crauford dates the introduction of Tobacco into Java in 1601, while admitting that the natives had traditions of using it long before; that Savary states that the Persians have used Tobacco for over four hundred years; that Olearius found the Russians in 1634 so addicted to Tobacco that they would spend their money on it rather than on bread; that Eulia Effendi found a Tobacco pipe, still in good preservation, and retaining a smell of smoke, imbedded in the walls of a Grecian edifice which was more ancient than the birth of Mohammed—570 A.D.; that Dr. Yates saw amongst the paintings in a

tomb in Thebes the representation of a smoking-party; and that, to crown all, there is an old tradition in the Greek Church, said to be recorded in the works of the early Fathers, that the Devil made Noah drunk on Tobacco!

Mohammed is said to have prophesied as follows, "To the latter day there shall be men who will bear the name of Moslem, but will not be really such; and they shall smoke a certain weed which shall be called Tobacco" [!]. This is in George Sale's edition of the *Koran* (1734). But whence Sale evolved the modern word Tobacco nobody but Sale could have told, and Sale neglected to explain.

On the other hand, those who do not believe in the great antiquity of Tobacco lay great stress upon the fact that Marco Polo does not allude to it; and that it is not referred to in *The Arabian Nights*.

An early writer speaks of Columbus as "seeking the remotest land under the sun, as flying to a New World like Noah's dove, and bringing back in his mouth—not an olive branch, but a leaf of Tobacco!"

According to Charlevoix, in his *History of St. Dominique*, says the *Century Dictionary*, the pipe used by the Indians was called Tobacco, and not the plant. According to Las Casas, the Spaniards, in the first voyage of Columbus, saw the Indians in Cuba smoking dry herbs or leaves, rolled up in tubes which they called *tobacos*. According to Clavigero the word was one of the names of the plant used in Haiti. According to Bauhin (1596) and to Minsheu (1617), Tobacco was so called from the Island of Tobago, and according to other guessers it got its name from a province of Yucatan. That it came from *Tobikhar*, a division of North American Indians who once lived in what is now known as Southern California, no one but the present writer seems to have conjectured.

The *Century Dictionary* says, also, that it was unknown in the Old World before the discovery of America; that it was introduced into Europe about 1559 by a Spanish physician, who took a small quantity into Spain and Portugal, whence it found its way into Italy and France;

and that Sir Francis Drake first took it to England about 1585. Another authority states, very positively, that Tobacco was first introduced into Europe about 1560, by a Dutch merchant, who offered the plant to John Nicot, French envoy to Portugal, that Nicot presented the plant to the Grand Inquisitor, and, on his return to France, to Queen Catherine de Medicis, "who took an immediate fancy to it." But he believes that Tobacco was smoked in Persia and in China three or four centuries before the discovery of America.

John Stow, in his *Chronicles of England*, states that "Tobacco was first brought and made known by Sir John Hawkins, about the year 1565, but not used by Englishmen in many years after." Nevertheless, he says elsewhere that "Sir Walter Raleigh was the first that brought Tobacco to use, when all men wondered what it meant."

Raleigh is generally accepted as the Father of Smoking, and upon him men who smoke do look to this day as their patron saint.

Peace to his Ashes!

Caley, in his account of the last hours of Sir Walter, proves very conclusively that the smoking knight was not ashamed of the weed, which he used if he did not introduce. "He was very cheerful the morning he died," says the historian; "ate his breakfast, and took Tobacco, and made no more of death than if he had been to take a journey."

Snuff has been traced to the Irish, although their cousins, the Scotch, have always been considered the champions of the nicotinians who take their Tobacco by smelling it; while the English seem to have been the original chewers. In a manuscript upon the *Natural History of Tobacco* in the Harleian Collection is the statement made that "the Irishmen do most commonly *powder* their Tobacco, and snuff it up their nostrils, which some of our Englishmen do, who often chew and swallow it." The date of this document, unfortunately, I do not know. The pipe, it is asserted, came from the Caribbee Islands, and it was first introduced into Europe during the last quarter of the sixteenth century. That it is

reputed to have given its name to the weed it contained has been explained above.

The title of a poem upon Tobacco by one John Sylvester, Gent., who flourished in England during the reign of Elizabeth, is worth quoting in full ; and nothing but the title is needed to show the nature of the poem. Here it is: *Tobacco battered, and the Pipe shattered about their Ears that idly idolize so loathsome a Vanity, by a Volley of holy Shot thundered from Mount Helicon.*

James Eccleston, in *An Introduction to English Antiquities* (1847), makes the following startling and shocking statement, which does not seem to be verified by any statement made by anybody else. Speaking of English ladies of quality during the reign of Elizabeth, the antiquary says : "It is with regret we add that their teeth at this time were generally black and rotten, a fact which foreigners attributed to their inordinate love for sugar, but which may, perhaps, be quite as reasonably ascribed to their frequent habit of taking the nicotian weed to excess." Al-

though Stow calls Tobacco "that stinking weed which was commonly used by most men and many women," most of the antiquaries and many of the historians express doubts concerning Mr. Eccleston's charge, and on two grounds. First, that Tobacco strengthens rather than weakens the teeth. Second, that the Virgin Queen herself was not fond of, or given to, the use of Tobacco; and that ladies of quality the world over, and in all ages, did, and do, as is done by the Queen, no matter who she is, or who they think she may be.

In King James's famous *Counterblast* we are told among other things that the use of Tobacco is a vile and stinking custom, borrowed from the beastly, slavish Indians. He denies that smoking purges the head or the stomach; and he declares that many have smoked themselves to death. He argues that to use this unsavory smoke is to be guilty of a worse sin than drunkenness. He pleads the expense: "some gentlemen bestowing three or four hundred pounds a year upon this precious stink;" and he further Counter-

blasts in this wise: "It is a custom both fulsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fumes thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stigian smelles of the pit that is bottomless!"

James I. and VI., in his right royal *Counterblast*, was not the only potentate who opposed the weed, for Pope Urban VIII. (1623-1644) issued a bull against Tobacco—in *churches*!

In a report of the Proceedings and Debates in the House of Commons in 1621, while James was still on the British throne, we are told that Sir William Stroud moved that "Tobacco be banished wholly out of the kingdom, and that it may not be brought in from any port, nor used among us." While Sir Guy Palmer argued that "if Tobacco be not banished it will overthrow one hundred thousand men in England, for now it is so common that he hath seen ploughmen take it as they are at the plough."

Men who smoked Tobacco were called

Tobacconists as well as those who sold Tobacco, and when Burton in his *Parliamentary Diary* stated that "Sir John Reynolds had numbered the House, and there were at rising at least two hundred and twenty present besides Tobacconists," he evidently alluded to the members of the Old House of Commons who were too much absorbed in the weed to attend to business of State.

One authority says that "at the last Great Plague in London none that kept Tobacconists' shops had the Plague. It is certain that smoking it was looked upon as a most excellent preservative, in so much that the children were obliged to smoke. And I remember that I heard Tom Rogers, who was yeoman-beadle, say that when he was, that year when the Plague raged, a school-boy at Eton, all the boys at that school were obliged to smoke in the school, and that he was never whipped so much in his life as he was one morning for not smoking." This, of course, was before the invention of the cigarette, which school-boys *think* is "smoking"; and Head Masters in our

days do not order smoking as a preventative of plagues of any kind.

Numerous and voluminous and encouraging are the statistical reports of the longevity of smokers. Abram Favrol died in Switzerland in 1796 with a pipe in his mouth, and at the age of one hundred and four. In 1856 there died in Yorkshire one Jane Garbutt, widow, in her one hundred and tenth year, who declared solemnly that she "had smoked very nigh" upon a century. In *A Paper of Tobacco* we read that in Silesia there was once "living an old man named Henry Hertz, of the age of one hundred and forty-two, who had been a Tobacco-taker from his youth upwards, and still continued to smoke a pipe or two every day." In *The Cigar and Smoker's Companion* (London, 1845) we are told that "Old Parr was such an inveterate smoker that he is said to have even tanned his skin by the absorption into his pores." "Old" Parr was so called because he is supposed to have died at the age of one hundred and fifty-two. The only very old person who is recorded as having

died from the effects of Tobacco was Mrs. Pheasy Molloy, who departed this life, suddenly, in Derbyshire in 1854, at the age of ninety-six, from excessive smoking—her clothes having caught fire from an open grate while she was in the act of lighting her pipe!

Among the well-known smokers of Tobacco, whom Tobacco did not prematurely kill, may be mentioned Thomas Hobbs, who died at the age of ninety-two; Izaak Walton, at ninety; Sir Isaac Newton, at eighty-four; Dr. Samuel Parr, at seventy-eight; Thomas Carlyle, at eighty-six; and Lord Tennyson, at eighty-three.

Talfourd says that Charles Lamb “loved smoking ‘not wisely but too well,’ for he had to be content with the coarsest variety of the great herb. When Dr. Parr, who took only the finest tobacco, . . . saw Lamb smoking the strongest preparations of the weed, puffing out smoke like some ferocious enchanter, he gently laid down his pipe, and asked him how he acquired his power of smoking at such a rate. Lamb answered, ‘I toiled after it, Sir, as some men toil after

virtue.'” In the *Memoirs of Dr. Parr* we are informed that “Tobacco calmed his agitated spirits; it assisted his private ruminations; it was his helpmeet in composition. Have we not seen him darkening the air with its clouds when his mind was laboring with thoughts? His pipe was so necessary for his thought that he always left the table for it, and the house of the person he visited, if it was not prepared.”

It will be remembered, when the unusually bad and unpopular man died in the far West, some years ago, that there was no friend to speak a word in his praise, until one sympathetic bystander thus sounded his requiem: “Well, he was a good smoker!” And that was felt to be enough.

In a pleasant paper in defence of the pipe, Dr. William C. Prime says that “no anti-tobacco man has yet invented a reason against smoking which is not equally strong against ice-cream, water-ices, iced-water, apple-pie, and doughnuts. The doughnut is a good subject of comparison;” he adds, “the prevalence of dough-

nut eating in the interior of New York and in Northern New England is appalling. Medical science, which does not agree about Tobacco, is generally down on doughnuts. . . . If up-country grave-stones told truth you would find ten saying, 'Died of Doughnuts,' where one said, 'Died of Tobacco.'"

To sum the whole matter up, Rogers, in his *Table Talk*, quotes Porson as saying that "when smoking began to go out of fashion, learning began to go out of fashion too." Neither learning nor smoking are likely to go out of fashion in our generation; and Mr. John Fiske, in his learned work on Alcohol and Tobacco, proves very conclusively that the Coming Man will Smoke.

VIII

COFFEE IN ITS EARLY DAYS

“ We shall have all the world drink brown.”

—*Measure for Measure*, Act II., Scene II.



COFFEE and Tobacco, which Mr. Theodore Child once called “ Paratriptics,” thereby coining and circulating a word which is not current in any of the Dictionaries, are always pleasantly associated, and are usually considered as coeval in England. An old Persian proverb says that “ Coffee without Tobacco is meat without salt,” but there seems to be little question that our own ancestors smoked with their beer before dinner, some years before they indulged in their post-prandial Coffee and cigar. Nevertheless, when Coffee came, it came to stay ; and in a measure it revolutionized British social life, for

the London Coffee-house is the father of the London Club, and the London Club is the father of all the clubs in the world, from White's and Boodles' to the Aldine and The Players.

The earliest Coffee-house in London, according to John Aubrey, was established in the middle of the seventeenth century. In his MSS., in the Bodleian Library, he wrote: "When Coffee first came in he [Sir Henry Blount] was a great upholder of it, and hath ever since been a constant frequenter of Coffee-houses, especially Mr. Farre's at the Rainbow, by Inner Temple Gate, and lately at John's Coffee-house, in Fuller's Rents. The first Coffee-house in London was in St. Michael's Alley, in Cornhill, opposite to the church, which was set up by one Bowman (coachman to Mr. Hodges, a Turkey Merchant, who putt him up in it) in or about the yeare 1652. 'Twas about 4 yeares before any other was sett up, and that was by Mr. Farr. Jonathan Paynter, over against to St. Michael's Church, was the first apprentice to the trade, viz., to Bowman."

According to Anderson's *Chronological History of Commerce*, the first London Coffee-house was not Bowman's, but "was kept by one Pasqua, a Greek, who opened an establishment in George Yard, Lombard Street," in the same year, 1652. Pasqua was Pasqua Rosee, who this time, according to Peter Cunningham, was the only original coffee-seller.

In James Hatton's *New View of London*, 1708, we read: "I find it recorded that one James Farr, a barber, who kept the Coffee-house which is now the Rainbow, by the Inner Temple Gate, was, in the year 1657, prosecuted by inquest of St. Dunstan's in the West, for making and selling a sort of liquor called Coffee, as a great nuisance and prejudice to the neighbourhood." On the other hand, John Howell said, in 1659: "This Coffee drink hath caused a great sobriety among all nations; formerly apprentices, clerks, etc., used to take their morning draughts in ale, beer, or wine, which often made them unfit for business. Now they play the good fellows in this wakeful and civil drink. The worthy gentleman, Sir James

Muddiford, who introduced the practice hereof first in London, deserves much respect of the whole nation."

The hand-bill setting forth "The Virtue of the Coffee-drink, first publicly made and sold in England by Pasqua Rosee, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, at the Sign of his own Head," is quoted by Isaac D'Israeli in the *Curiosities of Literature*, and for many years thereafter Coffee and Coffee-houses, curiously enough, played a most important part in British literature itself. Macaulay tells us what a force the Coffee-house had become in the land during the latter part of the seventeenth century, even a very powerful political institution, at a period when public meetings, harangues, resolutions, and the rest of the machinery of popular agitation had not come into fashion, and when very few newspapers existed. Under these circumstances the Coffee-houses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself; and in 1675 a paternal, and not very long-sighted, Government went so far as to issue a proclamation for the

shutting up and suppressing of all establishments of that kind. The importers and the retailers and the venders of the cheering bean, however, petitioned for a repeal; and they were finally permitted to sell Coffee to be drunk on the premises, under an admonition that the proprietors should prevent all scandalous papers, books, and libels from being read aloud, and should hinder every person from declaring, uttering, or divulging any manner of false and scandalous reports against Government or the ministers thereof. This was in the days of the Second Charles.

By the time Queen Anne came to the throne the Coffee-house had become the literary as well as the political centre of the town, and here gathered the wits and the players for many generations, to talk art, archæology, architecture, books, and the drama. What once was Will's Coffee-house, on the corner of Bow Street and Russell Street, is to the literary pilgrim almost the most hallowed spot in the world to-day. The author of "Alexander's Feast" made it the fashion; Pope,

Addison, Steele, and De Foe were among its frequenters; Pepys dropped in one night, and reports that "Dryden the poet (I knew at Cambridge), and all the wits of the town, and Harris the player, and Mr. Hoole of our college, were there; and had I had time then, or could at other times, it would be good coming thither, for there I perceive is very witty and pleasant discourse." How valuable was this conversation has been recorded by Prior, who said: "'Tis the advantage of our Coffee-houses that from their talk one may write a very good polemic discourse, without even troubling one's head with the books of controversy."

When White's Chocolate-house in St. James's Street became White's Club-house, and when similar associations of a private character were established, the Coffee-house proper lost its power and influence, and by degrees nothing but its name was left to it. There are still Coffee-houses in London, in which one is served with every liquid but Coffee; and some of the original caravansaries, with their original signs, still exist, as Dick's

and the Rainbow, but all their original simplicity and charm have been "restored" and redecorated out of all decency.

An oil-painting by Mr. Edgar Bundy, an English artist, attracted no little attention in London not long ago. It represented "The Coffee-house Orator" as standing before the fireplace of the Cheshire Cheese in Wine-Office Court; but the Cheshire Cheese was never a Coffee-house, and it only merits its present popularity because its present proprietors have had the gumption and the business tact to leave it as it was. Nothing about it is gaudy, new, or flippant; the rooms are small, the timbers are heavy, the floor is carpetless, the guests are boxed in high-backed, straight-backed, stiff-backed settles; everything is solemn and heavy—particularly the viands—and the spirit of Samuel Johnson is believed to haunt the place: a spirit of wine, not a decoction of Coffee. His chair is still shown to the visitor, his portrait still adorns the walls, his tobacco-box is still preserved, the Johnson Club still holds here its meet-

ings, and it is never mentioned in Boswell's Life, or in any of the letters or talks of Johnson himself ! As he was in every tavern in its neighborhood, so must he have been here ; but it is rather remarkable that the only one of his resorts which is held sacred now by his adorers is the only one of which we have no record of his ever having entered.

Our English cousin, when he does exhibit reverence for his past, is apt to revere the wrong thing, and to jump at false conclusions. The members of the Garrick Club are fond of pointing out to the enthusiastic Americans " Thackeray's Corner " in the present club-house, where he always sat when he entered its precincts, notwithstanding the fact that he never entered its precincts at all ; because in Thackeray's day, and for some years after Thackeray's day, the Garrick Club occupied its original quarters in King Street, Covent Garden, some little distance away. A few facetious members have set aside a certain modern but comfortable arm-chair as " Hawthorne's " in a certain corner of the reading-room of

The Players. They are perfectly willing to confess that Hawthorne died more than a quarter of a century before *The Players* was conceived, but they are not willing that the Garrick should take any advantage of them, even in anachronism.

Concerning the London Coffee-houses of the past whole books might be written, and about them hovers more of the delightful anecdotes of literature than an ordinary library could contain. William Collins strutted backwards and forwards in the Bedford and Slaughter's; Smollett frequented the Cocoa Tree and the British; Steele and Franklin were familiar figures in Don Saltero's; Colley Cibber was an *habitué* of Tom's; and Charlotte and Anne Brontë slept for several nights in the Chapter, in Paternoster Row—the only women who were ever so distinguished. Better than an unknown orator in small-clothes, laying down what he supposes to be the law, in the main room of the Cheshire Cheese, would be a picture of these two shy, innocent country girls, going in their ignorance for shelter to the

Chapter because it was their father's stopping-place, and the only one they knew in all London. Its frequenters were exclusively men, and generally churchmen, and the paternal old head-waiter who received and cared for them there never hinted—bless his heart!—that they were doing what no women had ever done before.

This is a scene respectfully suggested to the *genre* and historic painters of the two continents on which English is spoken and *Jane Eyre* is read.

IX

A GAMMON OF BACON IN ELIZABETH'S REIGN

"I have a gammon of bacon and two races of ginger
to be delivered as far as Charing Cross."

—*Part I. Henry IV.*, Act II., Scene I.



HE lately printed statement
that Bacon was not only
the author of Shakspeare's
plays, but a son of Queen
Elizabeth as well, recalls a
series of long-forgotten scandals con-
cerning the Virgin Queen, which at one
time attracted no little attention in Eng-
land.

In Burton's *Parliamentary Diary*, vol-
ume iv., page 135, occurs the following:
"Osborne—see his works [1673], page
442—says, 'Queen Elizabeth had a son
bred in the State of Venice, and a daugh-
ter I know not where, with other strange

tales that went on her I neglect to insert, as fitter for a romance than to mingle with so much truth and integrity as I profess.' ” In a copy of this work, according to *Notes and Queries*, January 4, 1851, is a manuscript note, undated and unsigned, but to this effect: “I have heard it confidently asserted that Queen Elizabeth was with child by the Earl of Essex, and that she was delivered of a child at Kenilworth Castle, which died soon after its birth, was interred at Kenilworth, and had a stone put over it, inscribed ‘*Silentium.*’ ”

Osborne's *Historical Memories of the Reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James* was first published in 1658, half a century after Elizabeth's death. Burton was a member of the Parliaments of Oliver and Richard Cromwell.

There was a current belief in Ireland in the first part of the present century that the family of Mapother, in Roscommon, was descended from Queen Elizabeth; and there existed, we are told, many other traditions totally at variance with the ordinarily received opinion as

to her inviolate chastity; one being to the effect that the Queen's son was sent to Ireland and placed under the care of the Earl of Ormonde, who was distantly related to Elizabeth.

A writer in *Household Words*, volume xvi., tells another and equally interesting story. He says: "An entry in a manuscript at the Free School of Shrewsbury speaks of a certain son of the Earl of Leicester and Queen Elizabeth. . . . This manuscript, which is well preserved and partially illuminated, once belonged to a Roman Catholic Vicar of Shrewsbury, who, in 1555, was appointed to the vicarage by Queen Mary. He afterward conformed to the Established Church, and held the living for sixty years. This vicar, who was called Sir John Dycher, may not have been friendly to the Protestant Queen, and the singular entry in his hand in the margin of the book may have been a piece of malice. It is, however, remarkable that an attempt has been made to efface the entry, but unsuccessfully; the first ink being the blackest, and refusing to be empowered by that which

substituted other words in hopes of misleading the reading. The entry was as follows: '*Henry Roido Dudley Tuther Plantagenet: Filius, Q. E., reg. et Robt. Comit'is Leicester.*' This is written at the top of the page, nearly at the beginning of the book [an old Latin Bible], and at the bottom there has evidently been more, but a square piece has been cut out of the leaf; therefore the secret is effectually preserved.

"There is a tradition that such a personage as this mysterious son was brought up secretly at the Free School of Shrewsbury; but what became of him is not known, nor is it easy to account for this curious entry in the parish church-book of Shrewsbury."

At a meeting of the British Society of Antiquaries held in 1859, documents from the Lansdowne MSS. were read which contained among other things the deposition of two justices in Wiltshire "regarding certain scandalous rumors touching the Queen's majesty, circulated in or about the fifth year of her reign, and charging that the Queen had been gotten

with child by the Lord Robert Dudley—afterward Earl of Leicester—who had consequently fled the realm.”

In a note to Lingard's *History of England* is a long account of one Arthur Dudley who appeared in Madrid in the year 1586, and declared himself to be the son of Leicester and the English Queen. The story is that he was born at Hampton Court, that he was intrusted to the care of one Robert Sotheron, the servant of a family in Evesham, that he was educated in London and upon the Continent, that his condition was very superior to that of his supposed brothers and sisters, that his reputed father, on his death-bed, confessed to him his true condition, that he had a secret interview with Leicester, his actual father, and that he was treated as a person of distinction by Philip of Spain, being “very solemnly warded and served with an expense to the King of vi. crowns [about two pounds sterling] a daye. He was of xxvii. yeares of age or thereabout.”

Lingard, it will be remembered, was a priest of the Church of Rome, holding a preferment in Lancashire, and he at one

time refused a Cardinal's hat, offered him by the Pope. He was a man of unblemished reputation for truth and honesty, but he neither asserts nor denies the truth of the claims of this Arthur Dudley.

It is but just to say that Whitaker, in his vigorous *Vindication of Mary, Queen of Scots*, presented many charges against the private life and conduct of Elizabeth, but did not allude to these stories of her child or children; and Thomas, Earl of Ormonde, wrote in 1851 denying emphatically that the collection of family papers in his possession contained anything bearing the slightest reference to the very calumnious attack upon the character of good Queen Bess. No doubt all these were among the many tales which, according to Osborne, "may be found in the black relations of the Jesuits and some French and Spanish Pasquilers, who scrupled at nothing that might tend to blacken the reputation of Elizabeth," and who even went so far as to say that Henry VIII. was not only the husband but the father of Anne Bullen.

A chivalrous writer in *Fraser's Mag-*

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azine many years ago traced these stories against Elizabeth to their original sources, and proved, in what seems to him to have been a conclusive way, that they rested upon the authority of a countess, who, at least on one occasion, made a public confession of lying; of an ambassador whose secretary ran away from him that he might not be forced to lie; of a groom who was pilloried for lying; of another groom whose words were so shocking that the magistrates were ashamed to write them down; of a Scotch courtier who was, on the whole, rather proud of his success in lying; and of two murderers! And Mr. Froude sums up the matter by saying: "Surrounded as she [Elizabeth] was by a thousand malignant eyes, she could not have escaped detection had she really committed herself; and that the evidence against her has to be looked for in the polemical pamphlets of theologians would alone prove that the suspicion was without ground."

Whether the Queen was guilty or not guilty, it is not possible now to determine.

But in view of recent assertions, it seems a little curious, to impartial jurors, that neither Bacon nor Shakspeare was believed by her contemporaries to have been Elizabeth's son. If the author of *Othello* or *The Merchant of Venice* was the boy bred in the State of Venice, the authentic pictures of the Council Chamber of the Doges and of the Rialto Bridge might be accounted for. If the creator of Shakspeare's *Richard III.* was an ancestor of the Mapothers of Roscommon, then "the bard of Ireland," who once prophesied to the crooked-back King, might have been drawn from real life. If the maker of *Much Ado About Nothing*, who quoted Don Pedro as calling Benedick "a Spaniard from the hip upward," was the youth who appeared in Madrid in 1586, when Shakspeare was twenty-two, and thirteen years before *Henry V.* was written, we can well imagine the native of Woolsey's famous pile as supposing that he might have seen "the well-appointed King at Hampton pier embark his royalty." And if the mysterious pupil of Shrewsbury Free School invented

Falstaff, it would have been very natural for him to have made the fat knight fight for a long hour, once, by Shrewsbury clock!

Queen Elizabeth was in the twenty-seventh year of her age, and the second of her reign, when Bacon was born, according to hitherto accepted data, in his father's house near Charing Cross and in the presence of his legitimate mother; and she was four years older at the time of the supposed birth of Shakspeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon. It is not impossible, therefore, that Bacon and Shakspeare might have been half-brothers, collaborating, in a fraternal way, for the benefit of the younger of them, and practising harmoniously at the same Bar-Sinister in defence of their mutual and maternal grandmamma, the second wife of the eighth Henry of England.

It is only to be regretted that insurmountable chronological discrepancies forbid the hypothesis that Shakspeare might have been Bacon's father; for to those of us who cling to the Shakspearean theory there would be a little comfort

in the feeling that even if Shakspeare was not the author of his own plays, he was, at least, the author of their author's being!

X

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY IN DAYS GONE BY

"Good-morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime;
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine."

—*Hamlet*, Act IV., Scene V.



EXACTLY why St. Valentine should have been elected the patron saint of lovers the world over has never been fully determined. The Feast of Valentine occurs at the beginning of a season of the year in which a young man's fancy is supposed to turn to thoughts of love, however, and it has been conjectured, on that account, that the Saint has been chosen as one to whom lovers would naturally turn for help, protection, and consolation.

Concerning St. Valentine himself very little is known. He was a priest at Rome,

who is supposed to have been martyred under Claudius II. on the 14th February in the year of our Lord 270; but there is no record of his having been connected in any way with the observances still recognized in some parts of the world as belonging peculiarly to him. The fate of St. Valentine was neither sentimental nor comic. He was first beaten to death with clubs, and then his head was cut off. All that was left of him was subsequently buried in the Church of St. Praxedes in Rome; and the well-known Roman gate which is now called the Porta del Popolo was once named Porta Valentini in memory of him.

It is said that in ancient times a peculiar festival, called the Merd-giran, was celebrated in February in Persia in honor of an angel who was considered the guardian of the fair sex. The fair sex on this occasion enjoyed the very singular privilege—for Persia—of absolute power. The husbands obeyed all the commands of their wives; and the maidens, without offence to delicacy, were permitted to pay their attentions to whom they pleased.

The result was the announcement of many engagements and the solemnization of not a few marriages; the Guardian Angel being supposed to shower unusual favors upon all nuptial contracts made and ratified at that particular time. The Persians had no St. Valentine of their own, but this was leap-year simplified, and perhaps intensified. Maidens having but one day out of the three hundred and sixty-five in which to operate, went, no doubt, more systematically to work than if they had had a whole twelve-month at their command.

One ingenious writer endeavors to connect Valentines with Biblical history and Biblical times, and quotes Esther ix. 19 as his authority. "Therefore the Jews of the villages, that dwelt in the unwalled towns, made the fourteenth day of the month Adar a day of gladness and feasting, and a good day, and of sending portions to one another." He contends that Adar corresponds to our February. Other authorities, however, prove that Adar is *sometimes* February, but that the feast of Purim referred to in Esther is a

movable feast, and that it falls as often in March or April as in the second month of the year.

In Bailey's *Dictionary*, first published in 1721, we find the following: "VALENTINES (in England). About this Time of the year [middle of February] the Birds choose their Mates, and probably thence came the Custom of the Young Men and Maidens choosing *Valentines*, or special loving Friends, on that Day." And again: "VALENTINES (in the Church of Rome). Saints chosen on St. Valentine's Day as Patrons for the Year ensuing."

Francis Douce, a celebrated antiquary of the end of the last century and beginning of this, gives, in his *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, first published in 1807, a very lucid account of the origin of Valentines. "It was the practice of ancient Rome," he says, "during the greater part of the month of February to celebrate the Lupercalia, which were feasts in honor of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named Februata, Februalis, and Februlla. On this occasion, amidst a variety

of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian Church, who by every possible means endeavored to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstitions, substituted in the present instance the names of particular saints instead of those of the women; and as the festival of Lupercalia had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen St. Valentine's day for celebrating the new feast. . . . And this," he adds, "is in part the opinion of a learned and rational compiler of 'The Lives of the Saints,' the Rev. Alban Butler." It seems that the labels containing the names drawn out of the box were worn conspicuously on the lapels of the dress-togas of the winners in ancient Rome, and that these labels, by a course of obvious selection, became the written and printed Valentines of later days.

St. Valentine's day is mentioned in the works of Chaucer, Lydgate, Shakspeare, Drayton, and Donne, and it is said that

the earliest existing examples of poetical Valentines were written in the Tower of London by Charles, Duke of Orleans, who was taken prisoner at Agincourt in 1415. These are preserved among the treasured MSS. of the British Museum.

One Valentine, signed by John Birchall, and dated 1684, is worth repeating here, as showing what a serious, sanguinary matter this John Birchall considered the Valentine to be :

“ These loving lines which I to you have sent,
In secrecy in my heart's blood are pent.
Ye pen I slipt, as I ye pen did make,
And freely bleeds, and will do for your sake.”

John's case was evidently a bad one.

In the days of the Merry Monarch the choice of a Valentine appears to have been attended with serious and expensive observances, as it is set down by the inevitable and exceedingly valuable Mr. Pepys, who makes many allusions to St. Valentine's day and its customs. In 1667 he wrote : “ I am also this year my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me £5 ; but that I must have laid out if we had *not*

been Valentines." Two days later, in his ingenuous way, he exhibits his habits of thrift: "I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my Valentine, she having drawn me, which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others. But here do I first observe the fashion of drawing mottoes as well as names." From mottoes came naturally the bits of verse which enabled some of us, two centuries or so after Pepys's day, to put upon record the familiar and touching sentiment that, as the rose is red and the violet is blue, so some little girl of our acquaintance was as sweet as sugar.

Valentines in Norwich, England, until a few years ago, at least, were something more than Valentines as we understand them here; and, as in Pepys's time, they were something far more serious—to the sender. A writer in *Notes and Queries*, March 9, 1850, tells us that "while in that town, forty-five years since, billets were sent by means of the post, yet at the same time the custom consisted not in the transmission of a missive overflow-

ing with hearts and darts or poetical posies, but in something far more substantial, elegant, and costly—to wit, a goodly present of value, unrestricted in use or expense. Though this custom," he adds, "is openly adopted among relatives and others whose friendship is reciprocated, yet the secret mode of placing a friend in possession of an offering is followed largely—and this, it is curious to remark, not on the day of the Saint, when it might be supposed that the appropriateness of the gift could be duly ratified, the virtue of the season being in full vigor, but on the *eve* of St. Valentine, when it is fair to presume his charms are not properly matured. The mode adopted among all classes is that of placing the present on the door-sill of the house of the favored person, and intimating what is done by a runaway knock or ring, as the giver pleases. So universal is this custom in this ancient city that it may be stated with truth some thousands of pounds are annually expended in the purchase of Valentine presents."

Another correspondent, writing from

Norwich a few years later, goes into fuller details. "Inside the house," he says, "all is on the *qui vive*, and the moment the bell is heard, all the little folk (and the old ones too, sometimes) rush to the door, and seize the parcel, and scrutinize the direction most anxiously, to see whether it is for papa, or mamma, or for one of the youngsters. The parcels contain presents of all descriptions, from the most magnificent books or desks to little unhappy squeaking dolls; indeed, I have known a great library easy-chair come in this way. . . . As I have stated, they are all sent anonymously, or at most with some attempts at poetry with them, but all have the universal 'G. M.V.' or 'Good-Morrow Valentine' upon them. I have only to add that this year [1854] the festival has been kept more religiously than ever."

This adds a new horror to the Greeks and to those bearing gifts. Christmas was once described by the present writer as that particular season of the year in which we spend the money we cannot afford, for the purchase of things our

friends do not want ; and if we are asked to distribute serious and solid Valentine offerings to those who are near and are dear to us, where will the matter end ?

There is, or was, a Valentine superstition among the peasants of Devonshire to the effect that if one go to the porch of a church, wait there until half-past twelve o'clock on the eve of St. Valentine's day with some hemp seed in one's hand, and then proceed homeward, scattering the seed on each side, and repeating the following lines,

“ Hemp seed I sow, hemp seed I mow,
He [or she] that will my true-love be,
Come rake this hemp seed after me,”

she or he, M or N, will be seen performing the raking operation in a winding-sheet. What is to be gained by this cheerful procedure, or why one should care to see one's true-love in a winding-sheet on Valentine's eve, or any other eve, is not explained.

Another ancient Valentine custom is shown in a letter from a “Country Girl,” printed by Mr. Town, in the *Connoisseur*

for February 17, 1775. She says, "Last Friday, Mr. Town, was Valentine's day, and I'll tell you what I did the night before. I got five bay leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty [her maid] said we would be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt, and when I went to bed ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay and put them into water; and the first that rose up was to be our Valentine. Would you think it? Mr. Blossom was my man, and I lay abed and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world!"

In this degenerate age of impaired digestions it is safe to say that the young woman who would voluntarily retire on a supper of egg-shells and salt would hardly care to marry the individual likely

to come wooing to her in her subsequent dreams.

A certain advertisement contained in the Wooster (Ohio) *Democrat* of February 3, 1853, is here quoted in part, as a curiosity of the literature of Valentines: "The great increase in marriages throughout Wayne County during the past year is said to be occasioned by the superior excellence of the Valentines sold by George Howard. Indeed, so complete was his success in this line that Cupid has again commissioned him as the Great High Priest of Love, Courtship, and Marriage, and has supplied George with the most complete and perfect assortment of Love's Armor ever before offered to the citizens of Wayne County. During the past year the Blind God has centred his thoughts on producing something in this line far surpassing anything he has heretofore issued. And it is with feelinks [*sic*] of the greatest joy that he is able to announce that he has succeeded. . . . The children on the house-top [a very dangerous place for the children to be] will call to the passer-by, shouting, 'Howard's

Valentines !' while the cry is echoed from the ground, and swelling over hill and vale, it reverberates the country through."

In another column of the same journal is an editorial note to this effect: "Behold, St. Valentine's day is coming, and all are seeking for messages to be despatched, under cover of this Saint, to friend or foe. They are provided of all kinds, styles, and varieties ready for use—the turtle-dove kind, with its coo! coo! the sensibly sentimental, the cutting and severe, and, in short, everything that can be required. Just call on George Howard, and you can be suited to a T."

The Comic Valentine is of comparatively recent date. It seems to have sprung from the ashes of the sentimental Valentine, and to have been regarded as a justifiable method of anonymous letter-writing, in which the sender was permitted to poke fun with impunity at his neighbor's clothes, or habits of life, or personal appearance, particularly the last. One red-headed little boy, with a long nose and what are called spindle-shanks, with whom the present writer was once

upon intimate terms, can remember to this day his annual annoyance at being told by means of highly colored, exaggerated, penny lithographs, every 14th of February, how thin were his legs, how carrotty were his locks, and how conspicuous and prominent was his organ of the sense of smell. He generally knew, or conjectured, who was the author of the tender missive of the turtle-dove kind, and he always despatched a tender missive of the coo! coo! sort to her; but he rarely discovered the senders of the Comic Valentines. And in his inmost heart he never felt that Comic Valentines were so very comic, after all.

XI

APRIL-FOOL'S DAY, AND SOME OF ITS ANCIENT TRADITIONS

"We make ourselves Fools, to disport ourselves."
—*Timon of Athens*, Act I., Scene II.



APRIL-FOOLING is the most asinine of all the performances of silly man; and its prosperity lies in the conduct of him who makes it, never in the action of him who is made its victim. It is said to be as ancient as the hills before the Deluge, and to go back even to Parnassus, when sportive nymphs, though old as ages, were ever young and gay. Its origin is one of the most obscure of popular traditions, and the antiquaries have never succeeded in accounting for it in anything like a satisfactory way. Hone and Chambers content themselves with the citation of ex-

amples of April-Fooling, but they do not attempt to explain how the custom arose, and very little information is to be gathered from other sources.

It is recorded in the mythologies, however, that Proserpina was playing in the Nysian meadows at the beginning of April, and had succeeded in filling her lap with wild daffodils, when Pluto picked her up, daffodils and all, and transported her to his own particular regions. Ceres, her mother, heard the echo of her scream, and immediately set out in search of her—a search which proved a Fool's errand; and those who have followed her during all these ages, upon similar quests, are said to be looking for the shadow of a sound!

Whitaker's Almanack for 1870 quotes the following extract from the *Public Advertiser* of April 13, 1779:

“Humorous Jewish Origin of the Custom of Making Fools on the First of April. This is said to have begun from the mistake of Noah in sending the dove out of the Ark before the water had abated, on the first day of the month among the He-

brews which answers to the First of April [with us]; and it was thought proper, whoever forgot so remarkable a circumstance, to punish them by sending them upon some sleeveless errand similar to that ineffectual message upon which the bird was sent by the patriarch. The custom appears to be of great antiquity, and to have been derived by the Romans from some of the Eastern nations."

Another hypothesis, but not a very lucid one, is to the effect that the origin of sending persons on Fools' errands refers to the mockery of the Messiah, about the beginning of the month of April, as we now count time.

A writer in *Notes and Queries*, some twenty years ago, affirmed that the habit originated in Whitby, where the patients in the Insane Asylum had a holiday on the 1st of April, and the idiots who had never been incarcerated found amusement in sending them upon ridiculous journeys. The 1st of April throughout all Britain in ancient times was observed as a high and general festival, during which unbounded hilarity reigned among

all classes of persons; and, according to Mr. Maurice, of all the remarkable traits of jocundity which were then observed not the least remarkable or ludicrous is that relic of pristine pleasantry—the general practice of making April Fools. This pristine pleasantry seems to have been very general during the last century. Swift in his *Journal to Stella*, March 31, 1713, tells how he and Dr. Arbuthnot spent an amusing evening in “contriving a lie for to-morrow,” by which they sent their servants to the Black Swan Inn, in Holborn, to see the resurrected body of a certain popular felon who was hanged a few days before. And the *Spectator* tells how “a neighbor of mine, who is a haberdasher by trade, and a very shallow, conceited fellow, makes his boasts that for these ten years successively he has not made less than a hundred Fools. My landlady had a falling out with him about a fortnight ago for sending every one of her children upon a sleeveless errand, as she terms it. Her eldest son went to buy a half-penny’s worth of inkle at a shoemaker’s; the eldest daughter was de-

spatched half a mile to see a monster; and, in short, the whole family of innocent children made April Fools. Nay, my landlady herself did not escape him."

It is a little consoling, in view of all this jocularità, to read that a French lady, who stole a watch from a friend's house as an April joke, and who sent the police all over the town to look for it, still as an April joke, was committed to prison until the next 1st of April — an April joke which she could hardly have enjoyed herself.

The Fool's-day custom was by no means confined to the English, or to the English-speaking people, however. The Romans had their *Festum Stultorum*; the Hindoos, on the Brahman festival of spring, we are told, diverted themselves and their friends by sending persons on expeditions which were to end in disappointment, and to raise a laugh at the expense of the messenger; and a learned Italian gentleman, whose work I cannot find in this country, unfortunately, is credited with having discovered April-

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Fooling in fourteen nationalities and fourteen languages.

Fools are not always such Fools as they look. Samson made sport for the Philistines, David feigned himself foolish at the court of Achish, and Patroclus and Ther-sites, according to Shakspeare, performed the parts of mimics for the entertainment of Achilles and Ajax.

A complete list of the Fools of history would fill volumes of instructive reading-matter ; and among these the Professional Fools would be found to be the wisest men. King's Jesters usually knew more than the monarchs they were employed to amuse, and, as Dumas has shown us, Chicot was one of the most brilliant and thoroughly sensible men in the court of the Third Henry of France.

The Professional Fool is to be found figuring in the annals of very early times. Martial is said to have bought a Fool once who had as much sense as other people, upon discovering which the purchaser tried to get his money back ; and it is asserted that slaves among the Romans in Martial's day, and long before it,

pretended to be simpletons in order to increase their own market value.

Montaigne quoted Seneca as writing to Lucilius, "You know that Harpaste, my wife's Fool, lives upon me as an hereditary charge; for as to my own taste I have an aversion to these monsters; and if I have a mind to laugh at a Fool I need not seek him far—I can laugh at myself!" This particular Fool of whom Seneca wrote was a lady's Fool, and, it would seem, a woman; and there are other instances of her sex playing the Fool for profit, and playing it well. Mlle. Levin was the Fool of the Queen of Navarre, La Jardinière and Jacqueline were the Fools of Catherine de Medicis—Mary Stuart appears to have carried the former with her to Scotland—Mathurine was the Court Fool to Henry IV. of France, and "Jane the Foole"—who once had her "hedde shaved"—was in the service of the Princess, afterwards Queen, Mary of England. This Jane the Fool figures in Ainsworth's *Tower of London*.

Dr. Doran, in a supplementary chapter to *The History of Court Fools*, says that

the female jester not only had precedence of her brother in the art, in point of date of origin, but that she still survives him in the person of the lady who is Court Fool to the Sultan of Turkey; and he makes the startling suggestion that Will Shakspeare might once have been engaged in this business. Nothing is known of the life of Shakspeare between 1585 and 1589, and no one has discovered the identity of "Will, my Lord of Leicester's jesting player," who carried a letter from Sir Philip Sidney, in Utrecht, to Walsingham, in London, in 1586. The Immortal as a Court Fool would make even April-Fooling respectable.

* | The world has been full of Fools from April to March since the beginning of history. Adam was the first Fool, and every descendant of Adam on the earth to-day is the last. There are innocent Fools and malicious Fools, damned Fools, and simple, plain, ordinary, every-day, common Fools. [Given any two persons, in any community, and in any walk of life, and one of them will prove to be a Fool—usually both!] The cleverest man

makes a Fool of himself about once a day ; but he is more clever than other Fools because, like Seneca, he is wise enough to realize what a Fool he is. And the Fool who is Fool enough not to know that he is a Fool, is the worst Fool of all!

XII

GOOD-FRIDAY, AND SOME OF ITS AN- CIENT CUSTOMS AND ANCIENT SUPERSTITIONS

“Evermore cross’d and cross’d; nothing but cross’d!”
—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV., Scene V.



THE Hot Cross-bun of Good-Friday is the most popular and the most enduring of the symbols of old times and of old religions which the Reformation left in England, and which Puritanism preserved in the New World. In Catholic days, in the mother country, the Hot Cross-bun was a time-honored indulgence after the rigorous fast which was universally enjoined; although it seems to have been a local rather than a national form of diet. In some counties it appears to have been unknown, while in others it was as inevitable

as was the plum-pudding at Christmas. Brand in his *English Antiquities* has shown that Hot Cross-buns were made in Britain long before the Romish priest or the mass-book appeared there. They were then eaten in honor of Diana at her annual festival, held soon after the vernal equinox; and he infers that the outcast priests of Baal, who accompanied the Phœnicians into England, baked the original English Hot Cross-bun. It was round and sweet, and it was marked with a cross, dividing it into four equal parts, to indicate the four quarters of the moon, Diana being the Sweet Queen of the Night; or else it was stamped with crescents for the same reason; and that these crescents were crossed is not improbable. Other authorities believe the Hot Cross-bun to be based upon the ecclesiastical consecrated loaves which were bestowed by the Church of Rome as alms, or were given to those who, for some reason, could not receive the host. They were made of the dough from which the host itself was taken, and they were distributed among the people by the priests

after mass. Like the buns of the present day, they bore the sign of the cross.

In the Museo Lapidario of the Vatican, in Rome, is a tablet supposed to represent the five barley loaves. They are round cakes marked with a cross. It has been suggested that these loaves are representative of a pagan practice—that of presenting cakes to Astarte, to whom, as we are told by the Prophet Jeremiah, the Jewish women offered cakes and poured wine—"When we burned incense to the queen of heaven, and poured out drink-offerings unto her, did we make her cakes to worship her, and pour out drink-offerings unto her, without our men?"

This cake was called *boun* or *bun*, and the Vatican bun in question is also said to contain a rude representation of the two small fishes out of which so much was made. But nevertheless does the weight of evidence seem to be with those who affirm that the Hot Cross-bun is a survival of heathen times, when the people in their blindness bowed down to gods of wood and stone.

In an old book entitled *A Month in*

Yorkshire is the statement that "biscuits baked on Good-Friday would keep good all the year, and a person ill with flux had only to swallow one grated in milk or brandy and water, and recovery was certain." It also adds that "clothes hung out to dry on Good-Friday would, when taken in, be found to be spotted with blood."

Hot Cross-buns were also considered infallible, for their astringent qualities, in Leicestershire, until a few years ago, but always accompanied by a dose of port wine and spice.

A writer in *Notes and Queries*, April 4, 1863, *apropos* of the curative qualities of Hot Cross-buns, says: "A lady inquired of a laborer's wife [in Warwickshire] how her neighbor's little son was. And the latter replied that he had been very poorly with the bowel-complaint, and nothing his mother gave him did him any good. 'So' she continued, 'I took a piece of Good-Friday bread, and grated some of it into a little brandy. The child took it, and it cured him.' 'Good-Friday bread! and what is that?' inquired the lady, who

received for answer: 'Bread made and baked on Good-Friday; it never goes mouldy, and is very useful, grated in brandy, as a medicine. The piece I have now has been baked seven or eight years. It is quite good, but very dry. I remember my mother having some that had been made more than twenty years. I always keep it wrapped in paper in a box upstairs.'"

How far the brandy gilds the bread-pill is not suggested. Some of the boys who were brought up on Captain Marryat will remember that the ship's doctor in *Newton Forster, or the Merchant Service*, had a patient on a long voyage who insisted upon eating the squares of gingerbread which she had brought with her as the only *panacea* for seasickness. These he carefully administered to her, but in the shape of pellets about the size of fine shot; and in three days he had the satisfaction of seeing her walking the deck with the second mate, entirely recovered. The second mate, it may be stated, was his rival in her affections.

In some of the Cornish farm-houses

even to this day the Good-Friday bun may be seen hanging on the bacon-rack, slowly drying up and diminishing, until it is replaced by a fresh cake on the return of the season. It is considered a sovereign remedy for the diseases that human, or brute, flesh is heir to ; and a little bit of it grated into a warm mash has been given, within the memory of men still living, to a sick cow.

The London *Times* in 1874 printed a long description of an observance upon the Good-Friday of that year, which, although not English, is perhaps worth condensing. It seems that a crowd of sailors from the Portuguese and from certain of the South American vessels in the London Docks observed their annual custom of flogging Judas Iscariot. At daybreak a block of wood, roughly carved to imitate the betrayer, and clothed in an ordinary sailor's suit, with a red worsted cap on its head, was hoisted by a rope around its neck to the fore-rigging. After chapel the several crews returned to the docks, lowered the figure, cast it into the Thames, and ducked it three

times. It was then hoisted on board, kicked about the decks, and lashed to the capstan. The men, who by this time seem to have worked themselves into a state of frenzy, then knotted ropes with which they whipped the effigy until every vestige of its clothing had been cut to tatters. The various captains during the operation served grog to their own men, the ships' bells rang a discordant clatter, and the on-lookers kept up a rude chant, intermixed with denunciations of the false disciple. The ceremony ended, said the *Times*, with the burning of the effigy, amid the jeers of the crowd.

Hone, in his *Year Book*, records a similar performance during the first decade of the century ; and no doubt it was of yearly occurrence. It probably suggested to the amiable and ingenious Mr. Quilp his eccentric treatment of the wooden figure-head of a ship which once ornamented his river-side abode. He was familiar with the peculiar habits and customs of foreign sailors, on account of his business and long residence among them, and it adds a new and timely interest to *The*

Old Curiosity Shop to think that he was simply imitating the Good-Friday "flogging of Judas" when he battered the great goggle-eyed, blunt-nosed image, which looked like a goblin or a hideous idol, and which he declared to look like his enemy Kit. He accompanied himself with a monotonous vocal wail, which swelled into a dismal roar, it will be remembered, and he did not cease his operations until the perspiration streamed down his face with the violence of the exercise. "I bought the dog yesterday," he remarked to Mr. Brass. "I've been screwing gimlets into him, and sticking forks in his eyes, and cutting my name on him. I mean to burn him at last." Brass considered it extremely entertaining indeed. And so it must have been.

Pepys has something to say about the observance of Good-Friday in King Charles II.'s reign. In 1661 he "dined with Sir W. Batten; all fish dinner, it being Good-Friday." In 1663 he wrote: "It being Good-Friday, our dinner was only sugar and sopps and fish, the only time we have had a Lenten dinner all

this Lent." On Good-Friday the next year he "supped on wiggs and ale," wiggs being a sort of cake, from *wig*, a wedge, and no doubt Hot Cross-buns.

In 1665 Pepys wrote that he went to Lady Sandwich's, "where [was] my wife all this day, having kept Good-Friday very strict with fasting. Here we supped and talked *very merry*." The italics are not his own.

On Good-Friday, 1672, Evelyn, on the other hand, recorded that he "went to see the fopperies of the Papists at Somerset House and York House, where now the French Ambassador had caused to be represented our Blessed Saviour, with his Disciples, in figures and puppets, made as big as the life, of wax-work, curiously clad, and sitting round a large table, the room nobly hung and shining with innumerable lamps and candles. This was exposed to all the world; all the city came to see it; such liberty had the Roman Catholics at this time obtained."

On the Good-Friday of 1684, said the same diarist, "there was such a concourse

of people [at Whitehall] with their children to be touched for the Evil that six or seven were crushed to death by pressing at the surgeon's door for tickets." Charles had been touched for his own Evil before the arrival of the next Good-Friday; and a worse Evil than Charles reigned in his stead.

Two very ancient and interesting Good-Friday customs were observed in London, according to the *City Press*, as late as 1887. The first was at St. Bartholomew's, West Smithfield, where at half-past eleven of the clock, A.M., twenty-one of the oldest widows in the parish picked up, each, a new sixpence from an old tomb in the church-yard; the peculiar and, to the old woman, not unprofitable observance having existed for over four hundred years, although nobody now knows why. The second took place at All-hallows, Lombard Street, when sixty of the youngest of the boys connected with the Bluecoat School were presented, each, with a new penny and a bag of raisins. This was in pursuance of a bequest contained in the last will and testament of one Peter Sy-

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monds, who died in 1665. One William Petts—both of that parish—added, as follows, to the bequest in 1692: “That ye minister who preaches ye sermon before ye boys on Goode Friday shall receive 20s. ; ye clerke, 4s. ; and ye sexton, 3s. 6*d*.” Whether the rest of the congregation were invited to put anything into the plate is not recorded ; and the Hot Cross-bun was evidently neglected on each occasion.

XIII

MAY-DAY CUSTOMS IN ANCIENT TIMES

“More matter for a May morning.”
Twelfth Night, Act III., Scene IV.



THE 1st of May has been a moving day in the mother country for many centuries, although not in the modern American sense of the words.

The inhabitants of the stately homes of England and the dwellers in the hovels at their gates have occupied the same castles and the same cottages for generations. And Tennyson's consumptive young woman who sang, "I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May," hoped to be the chosen sovereign at the annual village festival, not the self-elected and ornamental monarch of a city household, who

proposed to sit about doing nothing, while her mother packed the crockery and took up the carpets on the occasion of the annual flitting to another flat.

The amiable *Spectator* says (No. 365) that "on the first day of this month [May] we see the ruddy milkmaid exerting herself in a most sprightly manner under a pyramid of silver tankards, and, like the virgin Tarpeia, oppressed by the costly ornaments which her benefactors lay upon her." Strutt, in his *Sports and Pastimes*, explains that these decorations of tankards and the like "were borrowed for the occasion, and hung around the milk-pails, with the addition of flowers and ribbons, which the maidens carried upon their heads when they went to the houses of their customers, and danced in order to obtain gratuities from them." It is not easy to conceive of the mikmen of the present going about on May-day with anything but bills for those of their customers who are likely to move into another street.

Another curious and obsolete May-day custom is described in Hone's *Every-day*

Book, where we read that "May day is called *La na Beal lina*; and May eve, *Na Beal tina*; that is, day and eve of Bial's fire. . . . The ceremony practised on May-day eve of making the cows leap over lighted straw or fagots has been generally traced to the worship of that deity. It is now [1832] vulgarly used to save the milk from being pilfered by 'the good people.'" And elsewhere we are told that in "Callander, Perthshire, Scotland, on May 13th, which is *old* May day, lots are drawn by taking pieces of cake from a bonnet, and the person who draws a piece which has been blackened is considered as devoted to Baal, and is obliged to jump three times through a fire." This sounds a little strange, as coming from the North Country in the first half of the nineteenth century, where the religion of the people is "something they call Free Kirk," and very serious at that.

Early on May-day morning it was the custom in Lincolnshire, up to the middle of the present century, for the swains to place branches of various trees at the doors of the marriageable young women

of the village. The twigs all meant something, and were supposed to be emblematical of the character of the recipients, or of the feelings of the donors, sometimes complimentary, sometimes quite the reverse. *Wicken*, the local name for the mountain-ash, meant "sweet chicken," for instance; *oak*, a "joke"; and plain *ash* signified "trash." This last, probably, was anonymous.

In Huntingdonshire, about the same period, a doll ornamented with bits of gay-colored ribbons and silks, candlesticks, spoons, snuffers, and the like, was suspended from a rope stretched across the street on the 1st of May. She was supposed to represent Flora. She had attendants and garlands, and the attendants carried the garlands to the Queen of the May herself. The Queen was chosen in the morning by her peers at the village school, and by the same cabal she was dethroned at night. It is explained by Cuthbert Bede that "a parasol was her sceptre, and her crown a wreath of flowers. These she always bore with grace and dignity, arrayed in a white

gown and a white veil, and a bag that displayed a white pocket-handkerchief." Preceded by her maids of honor with the garlands, and followed by her other attendants of both sexes, her majesty made a right regal tour from door to door, depositing in her bag, and by the side of her handkerchief, all the substantial gifts made by her loyal subjects; these tithes, usually edible, being consumed at the coronation banquet. After the sovereign and her court had partaken freely of the votive offerings, they played "I-spy," "Thread-the-needle," and "Blind-man's buff"; and they were usually all ill the next day.

The young people in Cornwall used to hail May-day as "Dipping-day." They were wont to gather the flowering branches of the white-thorn or the narrow-leaved elm (called May boughs) which had just put forth their leaves, and which they distributed among their friends. In the afternoon all the boys of the village, armed with buckets, cans, dippers or "squirts," sallied out and availed themselves of a license which the season con-

ferred to "dip" or douse all persons, of whatever rank or age, who were not fortunate enough to be protected by the display of the sprigs of the elm or hawthorn which were passed about in the morning.

It is curious to read that the decadence of this playful and pleasant Cornish custom is deplored by a writer who regrets the decided change which has taken place between the country gentleman and his tenants, who bewails the gradual but marked dying-out of the feudal feeling, and who thinks that school fêtes, ploughing-matches, and horticultural shows are a poor exchange for Christmas misrule and May-poles.

The great Metropolis, as well as the towns of the provinces in England, had its May-poles, and the most celebrated of these, perhaps, was the May-pole in the Strand, which was particularly distinguished for the brave use to which it was put after its May-pole eclipse. "Being grown old and decayed, it was, *anno* 1717, obtained by Sir Isaac Newton, Knt., of the parish," according to Peter Cunningham, "and

the next year it was carried to Wanstead Park for the raising of a telescope." The original May-pole in the Strand, which stood near the site of the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, was denounced by the Puritans as one of the last remnants of vile barbarism, around which people in holiday times use to dance, quite ignorant of its original intent and meaning. A Parliamentary ordinance in 1644 swept it away, with all its companion shafts in London; but in 1661 a tree, described as a most choice and remarkable piece, 134 feet high, was erected in its stead by the gracious consent of his sacred Majesty, and the illustrious Prince the Duke of York. This was the tree that supported Newton's telescope in the reign of the most sacred and illustrious George I.

Another famous London May-pole gave its name to the church of St. Andrew Undershaft, in the ward of Aldgate. It was taken down in 1517, on "Evil May day," when a serious fight took place at its foot between the apprentices and the foreigners living in the parish. It was not erected again until 1549, and soon

after that it disappeared altogether. Stow relates how a certain curate preached against it at Paul's Cross, accusing the inhabitants of setting up for themselves an idol in the parish; which so moved the inhabitants that they sawed it into pieces and burned it.

May-poles, alas, are now things of the past, and May-day festivals are now almost unknown, except on the operatic stage, or in the great Barnum & Bailey show. Washington Irving wrote in the *Sketch-book*: "I shall never forget the delight I felt at first seeing a May-pole. It was on the banks of the Dee, close by the picturesque old bridge that stretches across the river from the quaint little city of Chester. . . . I value every custom that tends to infuse poetical feeling into the common people, and to sweeten and soften the rudeness of rustic manners without destroying their simplicity. Indeed, it is to the decline of this happy simplicity that the decline of this custom may be traced; and the rural dance on the green and the homely May-day pageant have gradually disappeared in pro-

portion as the peasantry have become expensive and artificial in their pleasures, and too knowing for simple enjoyment."

The unattached, unrewarded, but very useful army of contributors to the English *Notes and Queries* furnish a long list of the May-poles still existing in England five-and-thirty years ago. There was one in Aldermaston, Berkshire, which stood in a commanding position at the top of the street. It was seventy-five feet high, and was surmounted by a wind-vane and a crown. There was one in Bayton, Worcestershire, which had been carefully preserved by the inhabitants for many years; and at Castle Bytham Church in Lincolnshire the bell-chamber was reached from the ringing-chamber by a May-pole, which bore the date of 1660. But the present chronicler, who has seen much of rural England, who loves it well, and who realizes that the English peasantry have indeed become too knowing for simple enjoyment, can only regret that he never experienced, with Irving, the delight of seeing a May-pole on a village green, surrounded by village greenies.

XIV

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER, AND ITS AN- CIENT ASSOCIATIONS

“Which, like a waxen image ’gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.”
—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II., Scene IV.



R. BRANDER MATTHEWS, in his *Americanisms and Briticisms*, calls attention to the fact that many established and accepted Americanisms are but Briticisms in disguise; and he cites, particularly, certain November customs of ours as coming directly from our ancestors over the ocean. On the evening of the Tuesday following the first Monday of November, he says, the boys of New York, in accord with their immemorial custom on Election nights, illumine the city with countless bonfires, not knowing, any of

them, that they are thus commemorating Guy Fawkes and the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. In like manner the "dressing up of a Guy" still survives among us on Thanksgiving Day, the last Thursday of the same negative month. Thus do we, on two memorable feasts, imitate in the new land the celebration of a permanent festival which the old land has, in a measure, forgotten.

It is hardly necessary to relate here all the well-known details of the British Gunpowder Plot of 1605. The accession of the son of a Roman Catholic mother to the throne of a Protestant Queen had, naturally, raised in the breasts of the adherents of the old faith some hopes of an unrestricted toleration, on the part of the government, towards them. But James, whatever his personal feelings may have been, was too much under the dominion of the Commons to resist; and many, and certainly cruel and oppressive, were the severities practised, by statute, upon the Papists who lived in England during the early part of his reign. The result was a fanatical scheme to blow up, by

gunpowder, the House of Lords and the House of Commons, with everybody in them, including the King, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and all the rest of the royal family. The explosive material was stored in a cellar under the Upper Chamber, and everything was ready for a grand and unique celebration of the original 5th of November when the plot was discovered. Guy Fawkes and his fellow-conspirators were hoisted into an unexpected and unpleasant notoriety with their own petar, and James and his court were saved, for one generation at least; Charles I. living to die at the hands of the very party of enthusiasts who were condemned to die with his father and his brother.

In the Tower of London is still preserved a catalogue of those royal persons who were to have gone up with the Houses of Parliament. It is said to have been the composition of the King himself; and as an exhibition of royal modesty in the beginning of the seventeenth century, it may be quoted in part. The first on the list was: "James the Great, King of Great Britain, illustrious for

piety, justice, foresight, learning, hardihood, clemency and other regal virtues; Champion and Patron of the Christian Faith, of the public safety, and of universal peace; author most subtle, most august and most auspicious." The Queen was described as "the most serene daughter of Frederick the Second, invincible King of Danes." Prince Henry was designated as "the ornament of nature, strengthened with learning, blest with grace, born and given to us from God;" while we are told that Charles, Duke of York, afterwards Charles I., was "divinely disposed to every virtue."

One Jeffrey Charlton, at his shop at the Great North Door of St. Paul's, published in 1606 a now very rare pamphlet entitled: *Gunpowder Plot. Arraignment and Execution of the late Traytors, the 27th January, last past.* A paragraph from this work, as exhibiting the clemency and other royal virtues of the Champion and Patron of the Christian Faith, is here set down in full:

"Last of all came the great Devil of all, Fawkes *alias* Johnson, who should have

put fire to the powder. His body being weak with torture and sickness, he was scarce able to go up the ladder, but with much ado, by the help of the hangmen, went high enough to break his neck by the fall : who made no long speech, but, after a sort, seeming to be sorry for his offence, asked a kind of forgiveness of the King and the State for his bloody intent, and with his crosses and his idle ceremonies made his end upon the gallows and the block, to the great joy of the beholders, that the land was ended of so wicked a villany."

We manage such things better in our own days. Dynamiters get reprieves now, and notoriety, and cakes and ale, and ask no sort of forgiveness of anybody.

Guy Fawkes was designated the "Damned - to - everlasting - fame man"; and his name I find thus variously spelled by his contemporaries : "Fawks," "Fawkes," "Fowks," "Faukes," "Faux," and "Vaux." From this last do certain etymologists derive the appellation of Vauxhall Gardens, because of their displays of fireworks, and because of the

intimate association between fireworks and Guy Fawkes. But Vauxhall Gardens were so called a century before fireworks became a feature of their entertainments.

In reply to Hazlitt's very ingenious and subtle defence of Guy Fawkes and his conspiracy, published anonymously in 1823, Charles Lamb wrote a humorous essay in which he tried to imagine the successful results of a similar attempt in his own days; and he thus describes the scene in the terms of a Parliamentary reporter—the italics and small capitals being his own: “A *motion* was put and carried that this House do *adjourn*; that the Speaker *do quit the chair*. The House ROSE amid clamors for order.” And he concludes by an urgent appeal to the people of England “by means less wholesale than Guido's, to ameliorate, without extinguishing, Parliaments; to hold the lantern to the dark places of corruption; to apply the match to the rotten places of the system only; and to wrap themselves up, not in the muffling mantle of conspiracy, but in the warm honest cloak

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of integrity and patriotic intention." These are words which the gentle Elia might have applied seventy years later, not only to the British Parliament, but to the American Congress as well.

The fact that a distant kinsman of the hero of the 5th of November honored America by his presence for a short time during the first half of the present century is preserved in an historical volume written by the late Charles Dickens. In the opening chapter of the work in question the author says that there was unquestionably a Chuzzlewit in the Gunpowder Plot, if, indeed, the archtraitor himself were not a scion of this remarkable stock, as he might easily have been, supposing another Chuzzlewit to have emigrated to Spain in the previous generation, and there to have intermarried with a Spanish lady by whom he had issue, one olive-complexioned son. If this fact had been generally known upon the arrival of Martin Chuzzlewit in America, no one can say what would have been the result; and how far it would have affected his life and nature it is difficult

to imagine. A man with the blood of Guy Fawkes in his veins might have been triumphant on any Election day. He might, even, as Governor of his State, have issued Thanksgiving Day proclamations, signed by his own hand; and he might have lived to repeat history by being hanged to a telegraph pole or a lamp-post, or by being burned in effigy for his political delinquencies, thus uniting a Briticism and an Americanism in his own person.

It was not until well into the present reign that the special services for the 5th of November were taken from the ritual of the English Book of Common Prayer by an ordinance of the Queen in Council; while at the same time were abolished those for the Martyrdom of Charles I. and the Restoration of Charles II. But no special ordinance and no Queen in Council have been able to restrain the British juvenile from his celebration of Guy Fawkes day. All over the kingdom he dresses up scarecrow figures on that joyful anniversary, clothes them in such cast-off garments as he can

steal or beg or borrow, parading them by day on chairs through the principal streets of the town he honors by his citizenship, and then burning them up with great ceremony and barbaric rejoicing in some very public place at night, to the air of the familiar tune and with solemn chant of the well-known words :

“Remember ! Remember !
The Fifth of November,
The Gunpowder treason and plot ;
For there is no reason
Why Gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.”

The lines are faulty, but the sentiment is laden with love of country, and it gives the small boy a chance to make a noise and a disturbance, which under no circumstances does he ever willingly or wittingly neglect. The invariable and universal custom of the small boy in England to solicit money from door to door in order to make his elders pay for the annoyance he causes them, still survives in America, where the English small boy's cousin goes about from area to area for subscriptions for his fantastic foolery

on Thanksgiving Day, and rings basement bells furiously until his demands are complied with.

One Guy Fawkes day rhyme is preserved in the pages of *Notes and Queries* for November 3, 1855. It is a harmless parody upon Wolfe's admirable ballad, "The Death of Sir John Moore," and it evidently refers to some unpopular municipal regulation. The first and the last verse read as follows :

"Not a squib went fiz nor a rocket whiz
As the Guy to the gallows was hurried;
The mob was afraid of the New Police,
And therefore were deucedly flurried.

"Slowly and sadly the bonfire burned
Till it reached his upper story;
They fired not a gun nor a pistol, but turned,
And they left him alone in his glory."

Again the feet are faltering. But "his upper story" is good. And it sounds like the author of *The Song of the Shirt*, although his name is not generally associated with it.

In earlier times the celebration of Guy Fawkes day was not confined to boys and rowdies, but was accompanied by

most important and portentous ceremonies on the part of grave and reverend seniors, especially in London. Two hundred cart-loads of fuel have been consumed in the feeding of a single fire in Lincoln's Inn Fields, while no less than thirty Guys were hung and burned there on one particularly successful night. The uproar is said to have been deafening and blinding—the mobs shouted, the church bells rang, the fireworks blazed and spluttered, and the gunpowder flashed and banged. In later days contemporary figures of unpopular celebrities were exchanged for those of Guy Fawkes. Cardinal Wiseman was hanged and burned in effigy in London on the 5th of November, 1850, because the Pope had made him Archbishop of Westminster; and on the same day, seven years afterwards, a similar honor was conferred upon Nana Sahib, because of his atrocities at Cawnpore. It is to be presumed that this gentle churchman and the brutal Indian did not mind this any more than does Guy Fawkes himself.

In the early part of the present cen-

tury it is said that on Guy Fawkes day, in Lincolnshire, any person who could procure a gun was at liberty to shoot it, not only to make a noise, but to kill the game which was carefully preserved on every other day of the year ; and there used to be a tradition in the North Country that executions were prohibited on that sacred anniversary, although out of respect for whom or for what nobody can find out.

A writer in *Notes and Queries* calls attention to a very old custom existing still in West Riding, in Yorkshire, as late as 1857, which he considers as apparently coeval with the annual bonfires and fireworks. It consists in the baking and partaking, on that dreadful day, of a kind of oatmeal gingerbread, the local name of which is "Parkin."

Still another correspondent contributes the following: "A singular custom was observed on Thursday last [November 5, 1857], at Durham. The Dean and Chapter of the venerable cathedral supplied themselves with twenty shillings' worth of coppers, which they scattered among as many of the juvenile citizens

as chose to attend, and [naturally] many availed themselves of the privilege." The writer adds that this highly appropriate game for a venerable ecclesiastical body is known as "Push-penny," and that it has existed very far beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant. But no hint is given as to its origin, and no explanation is made as to what it has to do with Guy Fawkes or his nefarious scheme.

The connection between bonfires and Election day, or even Guy Fawkes day, is not very apparent, unless we accept Dr. Johnson's derivation and definition—"From *bon* and *fire*, Fr.—A fire made for some publick cause of triumph"; and consider bonfires as an expression of good feeling at the receipt of good news. But Election-night bonfires are usually lighted before news of any kind is received; and not infrequently they are kept lighted by enthusiasts to whom the news, when it does come, is apt to be bad.

Bonfires in England upon occasion of rejoicing of any kind are as old as history. But fireworks seem to have been little known until the days of Elizabeth; al-

though when Anne Bullen was conveyed to her coronation, before Elizabeth was born, we read of one of the royal barges as containing a great red dragon continually moving and casting forth wild fire, and 'round about stood terrible monsters and wilde men, casting of fire, and making a hideous noise. Strutt preserves many records of pyrotechnic displays in honor of the Virgin Queen, such as blazing, burning darts flying to and fro, beams of stars, coruscant streams and hail of fire, sparks, lighting of wild fire on the water and on the land, flight and shot of thunder-bolts, etc.

Concerning the 5th of November, Pepys had almost nothing to say, except an occasional expression of annoyance at the bonfires which frightened the horses who dragged his coach. But on the 14th August, 1666, which was celebrated as a thanksgiving day in honor of recent naval successes, he alludes to fireworks in a way so characteristic—not of Pepys but of fireworks—that his words will well bear quoting: “Abut nine to Mrs. Mercer’s, where the fire and boys expected

us, and her son had provided abundance of serpents and rockets ; and there mighty merry, my Lady Pen and Pegg going thither with us, till about twelve at night, flinging our fireworks, *and burning one another*, AND THE PEOPLE OVER THE WAY !”

The italics and small capitals in this instance are my own.

XV

CHRISTMAS DAY IN OLDEN TIMES.

“Now I am in a holiday humor.”

—*As You Like It*, Act IV., Scene I.



HE Ghost of Christmas Past has a great deal more to show to the world at large than it displayed to Mr. Scrooge on that famous Christmas Eve when Marley had been just seven years dead. The Christmas carols which have been written and sung and printed, and lost and forgotten, would fill many volumes, while the prose literature devoted to Christmas would form a good-sized library in itself. And yet nobody knows anything about the origin of Christmas; nobody knows who first celebrated it, or when or where or how; while more than half the customs and

traditions of Christmas are involved in absolute mystery or are a matter of mere conjecture.

St. John of Chrysostom, who died in 407, in an epistle upon the subject of Christmas Day, relates that St. Cyril of Jerusalem instructed St. Julius, who died in 352, to make a strict inquiry as to the exact date of the Nativity of our Saviour, and that the conclusion reached was that it occurred on the 25th December. All these saints were likewise Bishops of Rome.

Father Christmas, as he has been naturalized in the United States, seems to have been of mixed and cosmopolitan origin. Our Christmas carols appear to have come from the Holy Land itself; our Christmas trees from the East, by way of Germany; our Santa Claus from Holland; our stockings, hung in the chimney, from France or Belgium; and our Christmas cards and verbal Christmas greetings, our Yule-logs, our boars' heads, our plum-puddings, and our mince-pies from England. Our turkey is, seemingly, our only contribution.

As Jeremy Taylor points out, the first Christmas Carol was the glorions song of the angels at the birth of the Messiah. In the British Museum is an Anglo-Norman carol; and the earliest-printed collection of carols was published, it is said, by Wynkin de Worde in 1521. Only one leaf of this book is known to the collectors, but it contains two specimens of verse, one "A Caroll of Huntynge," the other, "A Caroll Bringing in the Boar's Head." Among the Harleian MSS. is a carol written during the reign of Henry VI.

The chronology of the Christmas tree is very doubtful. Mr. Timbs finds its roots in the land of the early Egyptians. The Germans claim that it sprouted in their fatherland. Other authorities trace it back to the Roman Saturnalia, and quote a line or two from the Georgics of Virgil to prove their theory—

"In jolly hymns they praise the god of wine,
Whose earthen images adorn the pine,
And these are hung on high in honor of the vine."

The translation is John Dryden's.
Still other authorities believe the tree

to be a Buddhist importation, and to date back to the fifth century of our era, and they tell us that it is a custom still observed in Asia for the people, on certain festive occasions, to stick trees in the ground, upon the branches of which they suspend their presents and their offerings.

[To the Prince Consort has been ascribed the honor of the introduction of the Christmas tree into England. But a Christmas tree is known to have played an important part in a Christmas pageant given in honor of Henry VIII.; and Mr. Greville in his *Memoirs*, December 27, 1829, says that "on Christmas the Princess [Lieven] got up a little *fête* such as is customary all over Germany. Three trees, in great pots, were put upon a long table, covered with pink linen; each tree was illuminated with three circular tiers of colored wax candles—blue, green, red, and white. Before each tree was displayed a quantity of toys, gloves, pocket-handkerchiefs, work-boxes, books, and various articles—presents made to the owner of the tree. It was very pretty.

Here [England] it was only for the children; in Germany the custom extends to persons of all ages."

Charles G. Leland, in *The English Gypsies and Their Language*, published in 1874, prints a curious gypsy legend, and of course an ancient one, which touches in a tender way upon the custom of church-decoration at Christmas-time. This it is: "The ivy and holly and pine trees never told a word where our Saviour was hiding himself, and so they keep alive all the winter, and look green all the year. But the ash, like the oak, told of him where he was hiding, so they had to remain dead all the winter. And so we gypsies always burn an ash fire every great day."

The custom of decorating churches on Christmas Eve has been traced to the First Lesson of the evening service of December 24th, in which occur these words from Isaiah lx. 13: "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary." But Dean Stanley says that the decora-

tion of churches with holly is a religious observance which comes down from the time of the heathen, who suspended green boughs and holly about their houses, that the fairies and the spirits of the woods might find shelter in them.

The mistletoe was gathered by the Druids with no little ceremony at the end of the old year; and at the beginning of the new year it was distributed among the people. It was supposed to be an antidote to poison, and to possess the mystic virtue of causing fertility.

There is said to have existed in mediæval times a very serious proverb to the effect that if a maiden were not fortunate enough to be kissed on Christmas Day she could have no hope of being married during the following year. And it is gravely recorded that in latter days the mistletoe was excluded from the Christmas decorations in the English churches because the *smacking* was sometimes so loud that it interrupted the services!

There is a tradition and a fervent belief among the villagers of certain sections of England that the Christmas-thorn blos-

soms on the 6th January (Twelfth-day), and on that day only, and that this curious fact—if it be a fact—establishes the truth of that being the date of the birth of the Christ.

The origin of Christmas-giving certainly goes back to the days of the Romans, and before the days of Christ; but one ancient theory of its application in Christendom is worth quoting in part. John Dunton, in his *Athenian Oracle* (1728), says that "it is as old as the word mass itself, which the Romish priests invented from the Latin *Mitto*, to send, by putting the people in mind to send gifts, offerings, oblations; to have masses said for anything they chanced to want. Thus the mass at this particular time of the year was the Christ's mass, and the money gathered was deposited in the Christ's-mass box, hence the term still employed in England, particularly among dependants, who were given something by their employers to help them buy a seasonable paternoster of the Church."

The Christmas card is comparatively a modern innovation, and it is said to have

been patented about the middle of the nineteenth century, when the ordinary calling-cards containing the words "A Merry Christmas" were supplemented by printed cards upon which were various forms of Christmas greeting, and drawings of holly branches and the like. The oldest of these in existence, it is said, was published in London in 1846, and the custom is believed to have come from Germany.

The Yule-log is supposed to have been transmitted to the Britons from their Scandinavian ancestors, who at their feast of the winter solstice lighted great bonfires in honor of Thor. The fragments of one Christmas log were carefully preserved, in the Middle Ages, to start the fire in the log of the next Christmas; and it was long a tradition that if a flat-footed woman, or a squinting person of either sex, was permitted to enter the house while the log was burning, bad luck to somebody was sure to follow.

The Christmas bill of fare in the brave days of old was rich and varied. The chief and most important dish was the

boar's head, and the second was roast peacock, although it is by no means clear why either of them ever came to be associated with the occasion.

Edmund Yates looks upon the eating of the boar's head as a fiction, and believes it to have been merely a show dish ; the real knife-and-fork play commencing with the second course, when cranes, herons, bitterns, partridges, plover, woodcock, and snipe were brought to table.

The Christmas pie of the ancients is not altogether identical with the mince-pie so generally consumed at Christmas-time in our days. One writer describes it as "a most learned mixture of neat's tongues, chicken, eggs, raisins, lemon and orange peel, various kinds of spices," etc., and he speaks of plum-porridge as "a sort of soup with plumbs, which is not at all inferior to the pye." How far these dishes are the direct ancestor of the plum-pudding of the present is not now known.

Christmas under the Commonwealth was not a particularly cheerful or festive occasion. In 1647 the Cromwellian gov-

ernment ordered the Common Crier to inform the public that Christmas Day, as being a superstitious and a hurtful custom, could no longer be observed; and that markets should be held on the 25th December. A few years later, on the 24th December, "The House before they rose were presented with a terrible remonstrance against Christmas Day, grounded upon Divine Scripture, in which Christmas is called Anti-Christ's Mass," etc. The result was that Parliament resolved to sit on the following day, "commonly called Christmas."

In the Commons Journal for December 24, 1652, we read the following: "RESOLVED, That the markets be kept Tomorrow, being the 25th December. And that the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, and the Justices of the Peace for the City of Westminster, and Liberties thereof, do take care that all such Persons as shall open their Shops on that Day be protected from Wrong or Violence, and the Offenders punished. RESOLVED, That no Observation shall be had on the 25th Day of

December, commonly called Christmas Day, nor any Solemnity used or exercised in Churches upon that Day, in respect thereof. ORDERED, That the Committee of Whitehall do see that the Shops in Westminster Hall be kept open To-morrow."

Evelyn, in 1652, wrote, in a pathetic way, on the 25th December, "No sermon anywhere, no church being permitted to be open, so observed it at home." Another diarist, a year later, recorded a debate in the House of Commons which shows that the efforts of the Cromwellians to suppress the day were not altogether successful. Colonel Matthews complained that the House was thin, and offered a short bill to prevent the superstition. Mr. Robinson complained that he could get no rest all night for the preparation of this foolish day's solemnity. Major-General Packer thought the bill "well timed." But the king came home again, in 1660, and Christmas came back with the king—to stay! The good old Christmas times and customs were revived, including the passing of the wassail bowl;

and the gentry went from London to their country-seats and kept open-house, entertaining their tenants and the tradespeople in the ancient festive way.

One of the Puritan tracts, dated 1655, bears the following descriptive title: *Christmas Day; taking to Heart the Heathen's Fasting Day in Honour to Saturn, their Idol God. The Papist's Massing Day. The Prophane Man's Ranting Day. The Superstitious Man's Idol Day. The Multitude's Idle Day. Whereon because they can do Nothing—they do worse than Nothing.* The name of the enthusiastic author of this publication is not given on its title-page. This was one of many published broadsides of the period, which labored to prove, among others things, that Christmas was comparatively a modern festival; that it had grown out of the ancient Saturnalia, the pagan feast of Saturn; that it is not enjoined in Scripture; and that—above all—it was forbidden by the Parliament then sitting.

In a tract called *The Vindication of Christmas*, published in 1653, Old Christ-

mas himself gives the following account of what happened in Devonshire on his day: "After dinner," he says, "we arose from the board, and sate by the fire, where the Harthe was imbroidered all over with roasted Apples, piping hot, expecting a bole of Ale for a cooler, which immediately was transformed into warm Lamb-wool. After which we discoursed merrily without either profaneness or obscenity; some went to cards, others sang carols and pleasant songs (suitable to the Times); when the poor labouring Hinds, and Maid-servants, with the Plow-boys went nimbly to dancing; the poor toyling wretches being glad of my company, because they had little, or no sport at all till I came amongst them; and therefore they skipped and leaped for joy singing a carol to the tune of hey—

'Let's dance and sing and make good chear,
For Christmas comes but once a year.'

The lines, slightly altered, were written by Thomas Tusser at least a century earlier.

In a rare old pamphlet called *Christmas Entertainments*, dated 1734, we are

told that "There was once upon a time Hospitality in the Land [of Britain]. An English Gentleman at the opening of the great Day had all his Tenants and Neighbours enter'd his hall by day-break; the strong beer was broach'd, and the black-jack went plentifully about, with toast, sugar, and nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese; the rooms were embower'd with holly, ivy, cypress, bays, laurel, and mistletoe, and a bouncing Christmas-log in the chimney glowing like the cheeks of a country milkmaid; then was the pewter as bright as Clarinda, and every bit of brass as polished as the most refined Gentleman; the servants were there, running here and there with merry hearts and jolly countenances; every one was busy in welcoming of Guests, and look'd as smug as new lick'd puppies; the Lasses were as blithe and buxom as the maids in good Queen Bess's day, when they eat sirloins of roast beef for breakfast."

Another curious old tract, dated 1735, relates to "The Tryal of Old Father Chrystmas, For Encouraging his Majesty's Subjects to Idleness, Gluttony,

Drunkenness, Gambling, Swearing, Rioting, and all Manner of Extravagance and Debauchery." The Tryal was held at the Assizes in the City of Profusion, before the Lord Chief Justice Churchman, Mr. Justice Feast, Mr. Justice Gambol, and several other of his Majesty's Justices of Oyer and Terminer and Gaol Delivery. The prisoner pleaded "Not Guilty," but one Caleb Carefull swore against him that "he has eaten [Chrystmas has eaten, not Caleb] one thousand hams, one thousand two hundred dozens of fowls, one thousand five hundred chines, two thousand five hundred sirloins of beef, three thousand gallons of plum porridge, seventeen thousand minced pies, with bread in proportion, with strong beer, Geneva, brandy, punch, and wine beyond all proportion," and all this in one day! The prisoner in his defence declared that he was above one thousand seven hundred years old, and never was questioned at Assizes or Sessions before. The jury without retiring found a verdict for the defendant, which verdict was greeted "with loud shouts and applause of the joyful

crowd"; and the judge, cautioning Father Christmas to temper his hospitality with prudence, avoiding gluttony and excess, dismissed the case.

There is a tradition in Lancashire that at midnight on Christmas Eve the cows fall on their knees and the bees hum "Old Hundredth." The hum of bees can be made to sound like any tune the listener is willing to fancy it, and the cows on any night of the year, or on any day, get on their knees first on rising from the ground, as is their well-known habit.

A curious and effective Christmas custom is recorded in a *History of Carrickfergus*, which was printed in the first decade of the present century. "Late on Christmas Eve," it says, "young men and boys [young men are generally boys] assemble and collect carts, cars, gates, boats, planks, etc., with which they block up the Irish, or West, gate of this town. There is a vague tradition [like all Christmas traditions, it is vague] that the custom originated in the Protestant inhabitants shutting the gates on the Roman

Catholics when they went out to mass on Christmas Eve. . . . Within memory it was common for boys to assemble early at the school-house on the morning before Christmas, and to bar out the master, who was not admitted till he promised a certain number of days vacation. Early on Christmas Day the boys set out to the country in parties of eight or twelve, armed with staves or bludgeons, killing and carrying off such fowls as came their way. These were taken to their respective school-rooms and cooked the following day. To the feast many persons were invited, who furnished liquors or other necessaries [liquors in our time are looked upon as luxuries], and the entertainments usually continue for several days. As civilization increased," adds the historian, "these marauding feasts became less popular, and the decline of the custom was much hastened [not by the increase of civilization, but] by the discovery that the cooks often purloined the best fowls to themselves."

Any tradition which takes boys early

to school on any day of the year may certainly be put down as vague !

Christmas, for a curious reason, is said to have been a peculiarly sad day for the farmers and rural householders of Cheshire, for by an ancient custom which prevailed almost universally in that county half a century ago, all agricultural servants engaged themselves from New Year's Eve to Christmas Day, by virtue of which agreement they took a week off for play and recreation ; and left the families of their employers to wait upon and cook and work for themselves. Mr. Thomas Hughes describes these farm-servants, men and women, as dressed in holiday attire and crowding the streets of Chester, with their year's wages in their pockets. " They invest their incomes in smock-frocks, cotton dresses, plush waistcoats, or woollen shawls, all of the gayest and most showy colors and varieties, and they hold high carnival in the small shops and lowest taverns. It is amusing to mix in the throng on such occasions," he adds, " and to watch these children of nature unadorned ;

their straggling gait, their fanciful apparel, to hear their quaint exclamations and their outlandish dialect, which few educated natives could understand without a glossary."

All this goes to prove that the creator of Scrooge and of Tiny Tim was not the inventor of Christmas. He merely revived and restored Christmas, with the aid of Washington Irving; and taught us, on this particular day of the year at least, to do a little better to our fellow-men.

God bless us every one!

THE END

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